

The
RELIEF SOCIETY
MAGAZINE



New Year's Greetings

WITH the advent of another New Year, the general board sends love and greetings to the more than 156,000 Relief Society members living in many parts of the world. We are grateful for the abiding testimonies of Relief Society members as to the divinity of the work in which we are engaged. We acknowledge with deep appreciation the devoted service continuously given to the work of the Society and the love that exists in the hearts of the sisters everywhere for Relief Society and for one another.

Relief Society work is the work of the Master. It calls for love of God on the part of its members, with hearts attuned to his will; it calls for love of his children characterized by the free and ready exercise of compassion toward them.

As we look forward to the New Year, each of us desires for this Society an abundance of blessings from the Father; we wish to meet more fully our individual responsibilities toward the Society. It is the season when each of us is imbued with the deep desire better to conduct her own life so as to bring about greater personal blessings and a higher degree of happiness. It is but natural that those of us who love Relief Society would wish for its continued well-being. It is but natural that each one would desire and hope for herself and her loved ones as high a degree of peace, happiness, and security as is possible in a world filled with trials and uncertainties.

It is comforting to know that, regardless of the impact of evil and the strains and stresses of life, the continued well-being of Relief Society is assured and the blessings of personal peace and happiness as well as eternal well-being are attainable for each of us, if we but follow the path simply and clearly defined for us by the Master:

"And one of the scribes came, and having heard them reasoning together, and perceiving that he had answered them well, asked him, Which is the first commandment of all?

"And Jesus answered him, The first of all the commandments is, Hear, O Israel; The Lord our God is one Lord:

"And thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength: this is the first commandment.

"And the second is like, namely this, Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself. There is none other commandment greater than these.

"And the scribe said unto him, Well, Master, thou hast said the truth: for there is one God; and there is none other but he:

"And to love him with all the heart, and with all the understanding, and with all the soul, and with all the strength, and to love his neighbour as himself, is more than all whole burnt offerings and sacrifices.

"And when Jesus saw that he answered discreetly, he said unto him, Thou art not far from the kingdom of God . . ." (Mark 12:28-34).

One who is not far from the kingdom of God enjoys an incomparable sense of peace, joy, and well-being.

The dominant principle of Relief Society work has always been and must continue to be love of God and love and compassion for his children. Therein lies its hope of continued blessings from the Father and the full realization of its mission. Obedience to the first two great commandments is the greatest guarantee of earthly and eternal blessings for each of us as individuals.

The sister who will give to Relief Society through the new year a full measure of devotion will be an instrument in bringing about the desired blessings for Relief Society, and she will find herself on the pathway that leads toward the earthly and eternal blessings she deserves for herself.

May the New Year bring to Relief Society women everywhere the love, approbation, and blessings of our Heavenly Father is our earnest prayer.

Belle S. Spafford
Marianne C. Sharp
Velma N. Simonsen

From Near and Far

I do not want to miss any issue of *The Relief Society Magazine*. I probably can say that Iran is one of the farthest places this Magazine travels. I am very grateful it can reach here. I was so thrilled when the September issue arrived, to open it and see President McKay's picture before me and read the beautiful poem (by Elizabeth Hill Boswell) composed especially for him. Every word is true.

—Mrs. Bert Gardner

Tabriz, Iran

I always enjoy the lessons in our fine Magazine and want to congratulate you on the wonderful story "Meet Mother, Jody," by Rosa Lee Lloyd (August 1955). I am sure we would all wish to be the same kind of mother-in-law. I also enjoyed the lovely poem "The Mountain Climber," by Maryhale Woolsey (August 1955).

—Elsie Jack

Salt Lake City, Utah

I wish to thank my friend Helen Backman of Santaquin, Utah, for the much-appreciated subscription to *The Relief Society Magazine*. I do enjoy the beautiful lessons and wonderful poetry. The character-building and literary attributes of the Magazine are something fresh and clean. I had the pleasure of meeting a fine group of writers from Utah at the regional meeting of the National League of American Pen Women in Cheyenne, Wyoming, in May. I especially enjoyed the musical program put on by Mirla G. Thayne of Provo. Others I had the pleasure of meeting were: Dorothy Rea, Olive W. Burt, Mabel Harmer, Oliver Milner, Naomi W. Randall, and Christie Lund Coles.

—Amelia V. Christeson

LaJunta, Colorado

I have found much pleasure in reading the October issue of *The Relief Society Magazine*. The lovely sonnet "I Found October" by Agnes Just Reid is explicit and alive with imagery. The article "Wearing a Pretty Face," by Mabel Law Atkinson is arresting and the import revealing. It is also vividly realistic, as are her exquisite poems.

—Helen Gee Woods

Idaho Falls, Idaho

The Relief Society Magazine means so much to our family while we are away from home and have no place to attend Church activities. My husband and I both enjoy the stories and lessons.

—Phyllis Grant

Naples, Italy

Our members in the French Mission who read English are thoroughly enjoying the Magazine. The other members enjoy it through them, and I am sure it is a means whereby our sisters feel themselves a part of a truly great organization. We surely appreciate receiving the copies that we distribute among our Relief Society sisters each month.

—Rachel L. Lee

President

French Mission Relief Society
Paris, France

Six of my ancestors were pioneers of Utah, and I have been a member of Relief Society for more than thirty years, having served as First Counselor, visiting teacher, and class leader. The wonderful lessons have been an inspiration to me, and as a regular subscriber, I have saved my Magazines.

—Edda Simons Noon

Payson, Utah

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THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

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The Objectives of Relief Society

Elder Mark E. Petersen

Of the Council of the Twelve

[Address Delivered at the Annual General Relief Society Conference,
September 28, 1955]

IT has surely been an inspiration to me, my dear sisters, to be present in this meeting with you this afternoon. The Relief Society always has been a great inspiration to me. I have great respect not only for the organization as such, but for you who officer the organization, and surely for the general presidency and general board who direct the work. I join wholeheartedly with what Sister Sharp said about the general board and Sister Spafford, and I would surely like to add Sister Simonsen and Sister Sharp in that reference. These ladies are simply wonderful. They are so outstanding. They surely have been abundantly blessed of the Lord, and the reason the Lord blesses them so is because they themselves are so devoted. They put their all on the altar and they never hold anything back. They give so freely of themselves, and are so obedient to the Lord that he can work through them successfully and use them as wonderful instruments in accomplishing his purposes on the earth.

So I am grateful for the opportunity and the privilege of paying tribute this day to the Relief Society and the wonderful ladies who direct its work both Church-wide and in the stakes and the wards and in the missions.

I have been very happy with the music that we have had here today,

I am always happy with things that come from Sugar House Stake. For a time I was privileged to be in the stake presidency of that stake, and so whenever I hear of Sugar House Stake accomplishing things, it makes me very happy. I was very glad to hear this wonderful chorus under the very able direction of Sister Ann Jones whom I have known for some years, together with her husband, and for whom I also have very great respect.

I would like to enter into the spirit of your music here today as I talk with you. You remember that our opening song was "Earth, With Her Ten Thousand Flowers":

Earth, with her ten thousand flow'rs,
Air, with all its beams and show'rs,
Heaven's infinite expanse,
Sea's resplendent countenance,
All around and all above,
Bear this record, God is love.

Sounds among the vales and hills,
In the woods and by the rills,
Of the breeze and of the bird,
By the gentle murmur stirred,
Sacred songs, beneath, above,
Have one chorus, God is love.

All the hopes that sweetly start
From the fountain of the heart,
All the bliss that ever comes
To our earthly human homes,
All the voices from above,
Sweetly whisper, God is love.

—"Earth, With Her Ten Thousand Flowers," WILLIAM W. PHELPS and
THOMAS C. GRIGGS.

I was also happy that we sang that one verse of my favorite hymn, "Love at Home."

On the front of your program, did you notice the seal of the Relief Society, and did you notice on the upper rim of that seal the little expression "Charity Never Faileth"? Do you remember that The Book of Mormon tells us that true charity is the true love of God? So again everything whispers "God is love."

MAY I take the opportunity of reading just a little bit from Paul's wonderful first Epistle to the Corinthians:

Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal.

And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing.

And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing.

Charity suffereth long, and is kind; charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up,

Doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil;

Rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth;

Beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.

Charity never faileth; but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away.

For we know in part, and we prophesy in part.

But when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away.

When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a

child; but when I became a man, I put away childish things.

For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known.

And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity (1 Cor. 13:1-13).

Reference has been made several times to the instructions given by the Prophet Joseph Smith to the Relief Society in the day in which he lived. You remember that on the day of organization, the Prophet Joseph Smith held out three principal objectives for the Relief Society. One was to provoke the brethren to good works. We hear a great deal about that one, and so we should, but I hope we will always add the latter part. Sometimes it is not put on, you know, and we merely say "to provoke the brethren," but we hope that they will always be provoked to good works. The second was to search for objects of charity and look after their needs, and the third was to assist in correcting the morals and strengthening the virtues of the community.

Now the Prophet, later, talked further with the sisters about their great work, and emphasized particularly two points: to search out the needy and provide for them; and endeavor to uplift the standards, the living standards, the moral standards, of the community. He knew that in order to accomplish the purpose he had in mind for them, the sisters must have a particular attitude. They must approach these objectives in a certain frame of mind, otherwise they could not accomplish this great

thing. That attitude of mind, or the approach they were to make, was based entirely upon a spirit of love, of compassion, of genuine charity which was the true love of Christ. If we do not approach our work with that spirit, then can we, in truth, accomplish our work?

Again let me remind you of Paul:

Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal

And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing (I Cor. 13:1, 3).

Though I have the grandest Relief Society program in the world, though I have the very best intention, though there are many people to help, unless I carry on my work in the true spirit of charity, with love and compassion in my heart, I am nothing.

I am fully convinced that one of the greatest of all the commandments is what we speak of as the Golden Rule. "... all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them . . ." (Mt. 7:12). We cannot do our Relief Society work or any Church work and do it the way the Lord would have it done unless we have the spirit of the Golden Rule in our hearts.

OF course, this Golden Rule comes back to the second great commandment, which is like unto the first, "... Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself . . ." (Mark 12:31). Upon these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets. So, no matter what our

works may be or what our words may be, if we do not have as our great motivating force, the true spirit of compassion, are we not as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal?

May I quote from one of the addresses given by the Prophet Joseph Smith, to the early meetings of the Relief Society. Referring to unfortunate individuals, he said:

. . . they are fellow mortals, we loved them once, shall we not encourage them to reformation? We have not [yet] forgiven them seventy times seven, as our Savior directed; perhaps we have not forgiven them once. There is now a day of salvation to such as repent and reform

. . . We must be merciful to one another

Nothing is so much calculated to lead people to forsake sin as to take them by the hand, and watch over them with tenderness. When persons manifest the least kindness and love to me, O what power it has over my mind, while the opposite course has a tendency to harrow up all the harsh feelings and depress the human mind

The power and glory of godliness is spread out on a broad principle to throw out the mantle of charity. God does not look on sin with allowance, but when men have sinned, there must be allowance made for them

The nearer we get to our heavenly Father, the more we are disposed to look with compassion on perishing souls. . . . My talk is intended for all this society; if you would have God have mercy on you, have mercy on one another. . . .

There should be no license for sin, but mercy should go hand in hand with reproof . . . (D. H. C. Vol. V, pp. 20, 23-24).

And then the Prophet said this:

. . . The Ladies' Relief Society is not only to relieve the poor, but to save souls. . . . (D. H. C. V, page 25.)

He taught the glorious lesson

that by love and compassion, we can save souls. We can show love and compassion to the sinner, and we can show love and compassion to those who are poor and needy and have a lack of this world's goods. We need that love, that language of the heart, which goes out to both sets of people.

We are not to take the position that people may have brought this difficulty upon themselves, and therefore, are to blame and they ought to suffer it out. We cannot judge. It is not for us to judge anyone. It would be wonderful if every Relief Society sister in the reading of The Book of Mormon would refer back at least once a week to that marvelous address of King Benjamin who spoke about charity and kindness toward our fellow men, and who carried out this very thought, of which we have spoken this afternoon, that we need not think that we are any better than anyone else. We need not think that any person who is in difficulty has brought it upon himself, and therefore, we should withhold the hand of charity. That is not the true spirit of Christ.

May we remember that always, and remember, too, that if we are going to be the true handmaidens and the true servants of the Lord, we must have that Christ-like spirit which led him to say "Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy" (Mt. 5:7).

OUR attitude toward our fellow men is so important to the manner in which God will judge us. It isn't just the handing out with the hand. We must give

from the heart. And if we, with the spirit of love and the spirit of Christ, can draw near to unfortunate people, extending our hand of fellowship through the language of love, we will save souls.

I remember so well the marvelous example set for us by our beloved President George Albert Smith, who always told us that we were to love people into the Church. Do you remember that?

I am always impressed by the 25th chapter of Matthew, and may I just refer briefly to it. You remember how the Lord there told about the judgment and said:

... I was an hungred, and ye gave me meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink: I was a stranger, and ye took me in:

Naked, and ye clothed me: I was sick, and ye visited me: I was in prison, and ye came unto me (Mt. 25:35-36).

When I read those words, I think of you wonderful ladies of the Relief Society, because you call upon the sick, you call upon those who are unfortunate otherwise, and if they are hungry, you feed them, if they are naked, you clothe them, if they are downcast, you lift them up in their spirits.

... Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me (Mt. 25:40).

It is in that spirit of love and compassion that we accomplish the great work of the Savior.

Do you remember what he said to the Prophet Joseph in one of his great revelations?

And faith, hope, charity and love, with an eye single to the glory of God, qualify him for the work.

Remember faith, virtue, knowledge, temperance, patience, brotherly kindness, godliness, charity, humility, diligence.

Ask, and ye shall receive; knock, and it shall be opened unto you. Amen (D. & C. 4:5-7).

I am grateful for the privilege again of paying tribute to the marvelous work you do and to each one of you who does the work. I

am grateful beyond expression for the Relief Society. I am grateful beyond expression for the spirit of love and compassion you exhibit in your work, and that you may always have it, and that you may breathe that spirit into all of your instructions and in your leadership throughout the Church, is my humble prayer in Jesus' name. Amen.

Today

Etta Robbins

Today is an assignment
The Lord has given me,
To magnify each moment—
To live consistently.

Tomorrow is a field unknown
Its harvest, who can say?
Yet it may yield rich fruitage
From seed I sow today.

Winter Memory

Grace Barker Wilson

Something there is that echoes in my heart
When snow begins to fall and lie in drifts
On hillside and arroyo. A small part
Of mountain winter comes when the wind lifts
A tumble weed, and rolls it like a ball
Across the whitening plain. We used to make
A snowball on the slope where meadows fall
Away, and let it gather size, and take
Its course down to the brook. We followed then
And laughed to see it grow. And we came back
Along its trail to start it all again;
And through the snow it left a darkened track.
Something there is I find remembering sweet,
When wintertime and snow and memories meet.

Award Winners

Eliza R. Snow Poem Contest

THE Relief Society general board is pleased to announce the names of the three winners in the 1955 Eliza R. Snow Poem Contest. This contest was announced in the May 1955 issue of the Magazine, and closed August 15, 1955.

The first prize of twenty-five dollars is awarded to Maryhale Woolsey, Salt Lake City, Utah, for her poem "A Rose for Deseret." The second prize of twenty dollars is awarded to Beatrice Knowlton Ekman, Portland, Oregon, for her poem "Enduring Memories." The third prize of fifteen dollars is awarded to Ruth C. Langlois, Salt Lake City, Utah, for her poem "Be Still My Heart."

This poem contest has been conducted annually by the Relief Society general board since 1924 in honor of Eliza R. Snow, second general president of Relief Society, a gifted poet and beloved leader.

The contest is open to all Latter-day Saint women, and is designed to encourage poetry writing, and to increase appreciation for creative writing and the beauty and value of poetry.

Prize-winning poems are the property of the Relief Society general board, and may not be used for publication by others except upon written permission of the general board. The general board also reserves the right to publish any of the poems submitted, paying for them at the time of publication at the regular

Magazine rate. A writer who has received the first prize for two consecutive years must wait two years before she is again eligible to enter the contest.

There were 118 poems submitted in this year's contest. Many of the poems revealed a discriminating choice of subject material and a careful use of poetic technique.

Nineteen states and the District of Columbia were represented in the contest entries. The largest number of submissions came in the following order: Utah, California, Arizona, Idaho, Colorado, Missouri, Virginia. Four entries were received from Canada, two from Australia, and one from England.

Mrs. Woolsey, winner of the first prize, appears for the first time as a winner in the Eliza R. Snow Poem Contest. Mrs. Ekman was awarded second place in 1932 and in 1936. Mrs. Langlois is a first-time winner in the contest.

The general board congratulates the prize winners and expresses appreciation to all entrants for their interest in the contest. The general board wishes, also, to thank the judges for their care and diligence in selecting the prize-winning poems. The services of the poetry committee of the general board are very much appreciated.

The prize-winning poems, together with photographs and biographical sketches of the prize-winning contestants, are published herewith.

Prize-Winning Poems

Eliza Roxey Snow Memorial Poem Contest



MARYHALE WOOLSEY

First Prize Poem

A Rose for Deseret

Maryhale Woolsey

On leaving their old home, she brought along
 To this new land, some sturdy roots of rose—
Cinnamon-scented blossoms she had loved,
 That brightened every June. One might suppose
It foolish, sharing the crowded wagon space
 With non-essentials; but her John, loving-wise,
Approved . . . His spade turned the hard earth to set
 Them in. (Hope was so fragile in her eyes!)

But those small twisted roots held stubborn life.
 . . . The first young leaves, to her, were almost pain—
So keen her joy to see them greening there
 Amid the vastness of sage-burdened plain.
She carried precious water for their need,
 Kept guard against the locust and the crow,
Routed encroaching weeds, and blanketed
 With sand and brush, against the winter's snow.

Eagerly one June morning, even before
She dressed, or started up the breakfast fire,
She hastened from the cabin door, to stand
Entranced beside the wonder, to admire
A bright, full-opened yellow blossom. Then
She knew, herself, the triumph men must feel
In empire-conquest. Home was hers at last—
This first proud rose a symbol, and a seal.



BEATRICE KNOWLTON EKMAN

Second Prize Poem

Enduring Memories

Beatrice Knowlton Ekman

So long, so long since my wandering feet
Last turned away from my Grandfather's door,
But the cherished memories are clear and sweet
And my heart brims up with such golden store,
That I go at will to the old loved home,
To the mown sweet hay and meadowlark's cry,
To the tree-fringed acres of teeming loam
Under piled, white clouds in a blue, blue sky.

I leave the train at the low, red station
And follow the tracks to the crossing place
Where the dirt road leads to my destination,
Through the wild sweet clover and Queen Ann's lace.
When I take the turn for the low hill's crest
By the marshy pool that has cupped the rain,
A flock of swift blackbirds, yellow of breast,
Wing up from the cattails and bullrush cane.
At the top of the hill, from the clumped oak brush,
Comes the plaintive call of the whistling quail,
As up and away, in its coat of plush,
Like a streak of light, leaps a cottontail.

I follow down to the foot of the hill
Where the lucern fields stretch far and green
Past the red brick schoolhouse, empty and still,
Standing alone in the small ravine.
To the east tall mountain peaks notch the sky
And farm land checkers the foothill's side;
To the west the Inland Sea waters lie,
And over salt marshes the gray gulls glide.

At the end of the field I climb the stile
And walk in the shade of the locust lane;
From the nearby pasture the milch cows file,
And the west has cradled the sun again.
The herd boy has put up the pasture bars,
And birds in the hedge row drowsily fret.

The night will be crowned with a roof of stars,
For the windows flame with the red sunset.
Through the bending willows the swift creek flows
And the narrow footbridge sways with its strain;

Through the shining windows the lamplight glows
On night moths futilely beating the pane
At the supper table we take our place.
My Grandmother sits in her straight armchair.
Light falls on my Grandfather's deep-lined face
And his bowed white head as he offers prayer.



RUTH C. LANGLOIS

Third Prize Poem

Be Still, My Heart

Ruth C. Langlois

Now spins the universe its years away,
Drops each by one in time not slow nor fast,
Blind and unchanged from day to darkened day,
Nor caring what ages are, nor musty past;
Heaping the dust upon a manger far
From jeweled city and the might of men,
Losing in galaxies one brighter star
That man will ne'er identify again.
Ah, Bethlehem, how little cares the night
That in thy darkened streets once angels trod;
That once this little place held all the light
Of seraphims in song for love of God!
Search not the hills, my heart, nor cobbled street,
Nor rocky cavern where the Infant lay
For some small, certain sign, obscure and sweet,
To tell thee God was born to man that day.

His gentle passing left no graven mark
For thee to read and say, "I know! I know!"
Nay! Through the crumbling ages each must hark
To whispering truth that falls as snow on snow,
Till, solitary as the star that swings
Ten million light years from his next of kin,
To thee alone, all clear, the angel sings
His message, flooding hallowed light within
The still, dark caverns of thy wondering doubt.

Oh! mark how bright his message then doth glisten,
How true and sweet each measured note rings out
To fill thy soul! Be still, my heart, and listen!

*Note: For biographical sketches of the award winners in the Eliza R. Snow Poem Contest, see page 53.

Threshold

Catherine E. Berry

In a few brief moments the bells will ring
Proclaiming the old year has gone,
A requiem for the memories that cling,
A salute to the coming dawn.

Here in this small space of time we review
The blessing the new year imparts,
The hopes and the promises life will renew,
The vision of dreams for our hearts.

On the threshold of time we say a prayer
For all of the days that will be,
May we follow the star that is gleaming out there,
To the goal of our destiny.

Award Winners

Annual Relief Society Short Story Contest

THE Relief Society general board is pleased to announce the award winners in the Annual Relief Society Short Story Contest which was announced in the May 1955 issue of the *Magazine*, and which closed August 15, 1955.

The first prize of fifty dollars is awarded to Maryhale Woolsey, Salt Lake City, for her story "Now Is a Man Grown." The second prize of forty dollars is awarded to Margaret Hardy, Salt Lake City, for her story "Keep Me Forever." The third prize of thirty dollars is awarded to Edith Larson, Manton, Michigan, for her story "Room for Nancy."

Mrs. Woolsey is a first-time winner in the Annual Relief Society Short Story Contest, although she is a frequent contributor to the *Magazine*. Mrs. Hardy and Mrs. Larson also appear as award winners for the first time. It is interesting to note that this year, for the first time since the contests were initiated, the same woman has won the first prize both in the Eliza R. Snow Poem Contest and in the Short Story Contest.

The Annual Relief Society Short Story Contest was first conducted by the Relief Society general board in 1941, as a feature of the Relief Society centennial observance, and was made an annual contest in 1942. The contest is open only to Latter-day Saint women who have had at least one literary composition published or accepted for publication by a periodical of recognized merit.

The three prize-winning stories

will be published consecutively in the first three issues of *The Relief Society Magazine* for 1956.

Thirty-four stories were entered in the contest for 1955. Many of these stories were unusually well written.

The contest was initiated to encourage Latter-day Saint women to express themselves in the field of fiction. The general board feels that the response to this opportunity continues to increase the literary quality of *The Relief Society Magazine*, and will aid the women of the Church in the development of their gifts in creative writing.

Prize-winning stories are the property of the Relief Society general board, and may not be used for publication by others except on written permission from the general board. The general board also reserves the right to publish any of the stories submitted in the contest, paying for them at the time of publication at the regular *Magazine* rate.

A writer who has received the first prize for two consecutive years must wait two years before she is again eligible to enter the contest.

The general board congratulates the prize-winning contestants, and expresses appreciation to all those who submitted stories. Sincere gratitude is extended to the judges for their discernment and skill in selecting the prize-winning stories. The general board also acknowledges, with appreciation, the work of the short story committee in supervising the contest.

First Prize-Winning Story
Annual Relief Society Short Story Contest

“Now Is a Man Grown”

Maryhale Woolsey

OUTSIDE, an early November afternoon moved toward its end, wan yellow light fading to gray; there was a hint of ice in the small wind and of snow in clouds piling up at the western horizon. But in the roomy “living-kitchen” at the Hirsch farm there was the warmth of a coal fire in the range, the cheer of light from a red-shaded lamp hanging above the set supper table, and the comfortable pleasant odors of sausage and fresh bread and baked potatoes and spicy peach cobbler. Poppadee would be coming any minute now, and soon the good meal would be over and it would be time to read the Letter.

And to open the large flat package marked “Photograph.”

Mommadee had almost yielded to an urge to open that. Exciting, it was, so big and important-seeming, and oh, she was impatient to see it! To see The Boy’s face looking out of it at her . . . but it would be unfair for her to see it first and all by herself. So she had set it behind the Letter on top of the linen chest, where all The Boy’s letters in turn waited for their time to be read.

Poppadee would do the reading, while Mommadee sat close by in her rocking chair, mending or darning. Poppadee could read beautifully, his voice making a pleasant

rumbling sound in the room and sometimes sounding so much like The Boy’s voice that it was almost as if the three of them were there, all magically and happily together. After the reading, they would talk over The Letter and their dream of when The Boy would be home again and starting the big task of making the farm over into the small dairy that was his dream of the future.

It was a lovely ritual they made of each letter reading. Tonight it would be especially pleasant because of the brightness and cheer and warmth of their house against the outdoors cold and storm threat. Mommadee loved the small flickering of the old range through its tiny windows; its spot of warmth in these late autumn days when it was not time to start up the big furnace, and yet too cool to have no fire at all. The electric stove which stood in shiny whiteness and baffling efficiency amongst the many-doored cabinets along the kitchen wall, was wonderful for summer; it and the furnace symbolized the success and progress the Hirsches had made; but the range symbolized somehow their simple, happy contentment and secure comfort.

Waiting, a crisp blue-flower-printed apron tied around her plump waist, she moved serenely back and

forth from range to table, peeking occasionally into the oven and into the covered skillet where the sausages lay in luscious brownness. When presently she heard steps around the house corner, she beamed and briskened and began to put the food into warmed serving dishes.

"Here you are, Poppadee! Just in time you come," she greeted him.

"I smelled it, Mommadee. It brought me by the nose," he replied, chuckling. His arm caressed her shoulder as he passed. "Just let me wash a bit." He went past the linen chest and through the little inside hall to the bathroom, shedding his denim jacket as he called back, "I see we have a Letter today."

"Yes, a Letter from The Boy. There's something else, too, Poppadee. Didn't you see?"

"M'm'm" It could have been a question or an assent, the murmur he made through the swooshing of water filling the wash-bowl. When he came back to the kitchen she had food on their plates and glasses of hot tomato juice beside them, and was standing by, giving the table a last-minute survey to make sure everything was right.

He set her chair for her, smiling at her rosiness and placid cheer. It was the smile that told her, each evening, what a dear good wife she was and how lucky he was to have her and her good cooked food waiting for him.

"It is a photograph, the big one?" he asked, glancing at the envelopes on the chest.

"Yes," she replied. Eagerness brightened her tone and her round

blue eyes. "Now don't hurry your eating, Poppadee," she warned him. "Is plenty of time."

"Sure, I know." Blue twinkles danced between them, sparkling with affection. "You be careful, Mommadee. Eat slow. Is plenty of time."

This was their way, these small jokes at each other to make time pass faster, on the occasions when a Letter from The Boy was waiting to be read.

HE was a wonderful son, The Boy, Herbert. Once, long ago in Holland, there had been another son and a delightful small daughter; but they had died of the "flu" after the first great war, and the Hirsches had known long, sad, lonely years before Herbert came to them. By that time they had learned of the gospel; and for Herbert they sought the better life America offered. For "The Boy" they had worked hard to build a new home; they had learned the new language, the new ways, with painstaking care and patience; they had been successful and happy. The Boy had gone through high school, had given two years to the service of his country, and now was at college learning how to make his dreams come true. A good son.

"There are two photographs, Mommadee." Puzzled, Poppadee drew them from the envelope.

"Now why would there be two?" his wife wondered. "Maybe different — no, they are the same. One for you, one for me, maybe?" She was thinking, The Boy should know that one would be enough; big photographs cost money, and it was not like him to spend needlessly She brought her mending

basket while Poppadee was setting the two folders up, side by side on the table, admiring them. They were handsome photographs; The Boy's round, honest, sober face with wide clear eyes, a pleasant mouth, and neatly brushed light hair. His tie was carefully right, his handkerchief's corners were exact tiny points edging the coat pocket. Nothing fancy or arty about the pose; it was just a good, ordinary likeness of the good, ordinary, serious-minded young fellow who was Herbert Hirsch—The Boy.

The Letter began just as all The Boy's letters began: "Dear Mommadee and Poppadee — I have not got much time but want to let you know I am well and hope you are the same. Everything is fine with me. We had some tests today; I guess I won't shine but I got by. Don't worry about me, I'm fine but I will sure be glad to come home at Thanksgiving and have some of Mommadee's good cooking. My belt fastens two notches tighter, but it won't take long to fill it out again."

Usually there would be no more than that. But this time there was a second page, and as Poppadee read it the words came slower, and Mommadee's hands stopped their busy to-and-fro-ing with the needle and thread.

"I had my picture taken, had two made up, and I'm sending them to you today. One is for Gloria Jean Steffens, I want you to take it up to her because then I'll be sure she got it. And maybe you can find out why she hasn't written to me for so long. She lives at 3197 Elm Drive, up on Normandie Heights.

This is very important to me and I hope you can take care of it right away. I guess you will know by this, that I am in love with Gloria Jean, and it makes me very sad and blue when I don't hear from her. Please see her right away and tell me how she is. Your loving son, Herbert."

Carefully, with hands that trembled, Poppadee refolded the Letter and put it back into the envelope. It was very still in the kitchen now, so that a coal falling inside the fire-box of the range made a sudden, loud-seeming thud. Mommadee's plump pink fingers moved again, guiding the needle in and out, in and out of the cloth, but there was a lump in her throat so that no words could come through, even if she could have thought of words to say.

POPPADEE made a small cough. "In love, he says. Is real, you think, Mommadee?"

Her round blue eyes met his. "May be. The Boy, he is serious kind; no fooling around."

"Is right. No fooling." Poppadee's voice was proud. "Well, we have something we should do for The Boy, Mommadee. Right away, he says." He looked at the clock. "Seven o'clock is plenty time we go now, no?"

"Of course." Mommadee stood up briskly; she folded the cloth and laid it back into the basket. "I should put on my better dress, I think; and you should wear your good suit, Poppadee."

Elm Drive, broad and clean and curving handsomely around a small circular park bright with chrysanthemums, led to houses that

were big and well-kept, with glimpses of gardens behind them and shiny large cars standing by. Lights shone everywhere, as if night were not permitted to shadow the bright world of Elm Drive.

"Is fine people here, Poppadee," Lena Hirsch said softly as they stopped in front of Number 3197. "The Boy makes good choice; you think so?"

"The Boy is fine, himself; like takes to like," Poppadee responded, opening the car door for her and helping her out, careful of the photograph she was holding, which she had rewrapped in white tissue paper and tied with a white ribbon. Together, they started up to the imposing white-doored entrance of the house.

They had reached the top step when the door opened suddenly to eject a young boy, sixteen perhaps, struggling into a leather jacket as he came out. He stopped to look at the Hirsches with questioning eyes.

"Good evening," Poppadee said. "We come to see Miss Gloria Jean Steffens, please."

"Sure; she's here. Come in." The boy stepped back into an entrance hall all soft carpet and glowing light wood, and called up the stairs: "Hey, Glor — come down. Somebody's to see you."

"Tell her, is Herbert Hirsch's mother and father," Mommadee spoke up quickly.

The boy stared a moment, then called, "It's Herbie Hirsch's folks, Glor. I'll tell 'em to wait — I gotta be going, myself."

"Have them sit down," came a reply. A girl's voice, soft but hold-

ing surprise and puzzlement. "I'll come as soon as I can."

Side by side in a deep-cushioned settee they waited. Mommadee's hand crept into Poppadee's.

"Is nice, this," she said. "See how beautiful, Poppadee; the pictures, and the lamps and carpets . . ."

"All nice. Good housekeeping here. Good living." They smiled at each other with tender satisfaction. It would be a good wife who came from such a home.

THEN a girl was coming downstairs. She was slender and all golden — goldenhaired, golden-skinned, amber-eyed, and sheathed in a slim gown of gold cloth. A gold necklace and matching bracelets sparkled with diamond-bright settings, and gold sandals twinkled with each downward step.

The waiting couple stood up, awed.

"Hello," the girl smiled brightly. "Sorry to make you wait. I—I was dressing . . . You're Herbie's folks, you say? I'm happy to meet you, I really am. How is Herbie?" She gave them each a cool smooth hand.

"Is wonderful to meet you!" Mommadee said softly. She was regarding this wondrous girl with shining wide eyes. What a fine daughter Herbert had chosen to bring her! "The Boy has told us . . ."

"Asked us to come to see you," Poppadee interrupted. "To bring you something."

"This!" Mommadee thrust the package into Gloria Jean's surprised hands. "Is very fine picture of Herbert, for you."

"Why — why, that's kind of you

— to bring it to me.” Gloria Jean seemed suddenly confused and all at once wordless. She untied the ribbon and unfolded the tissue. “Why, yes, it is fine — very nice, of Herbert.”

They beamed at her, happily. Until her next words came, reluctant and hesitantly.

“But I — he shouldn’t have sent it . . . I mean, I can’t accept it.”

“But — no?” Poppadee asked after a stunned, silent moment.

“No. You see, I’m engaged; I’m to be married very soon. I thought Herbie knew; everybody knew, I’ve had an understanding with Kent for a long, long time. I had dates with other boys until a few weeks ago, but I thought they all understood how it was. I’m sorry if Herbie — didn’t.”

“He — did not speak to you of his love?” Poppadee questioned gently.

Mommadee’s hands clasped themselves tightly together over her breasts.

“No, never.” Gloria Jean shook her head; her eyes were clear and honest. “Of course, he’s such a quiet boy, Herbie is. Shy. He’d probably find it awfully hard to say — words like that, to me. Oh, he’s a fine boy; truly he is — but I’m sorry if he fell in love with me. Because — he’s not the one I love—”

Silence hovered around, thick with their unspoken thoughts. Again it was Poppadee who broke it: “So — that is the way of it. Well, these things happen, Miss — Miss Steffens . . .”

“Call me Glory,” she said. “All my friends do.”

“Glory . . .” he murmured. “Is lovely name; is like you. We are

proud to be friends with you, Glory.”

“I’m proud to be friends with you, Mr. Hirsch, and Mrs. Hirsch,” Glory said. “And with Herbie. But you’ll excuse me if I don’t ask you to stay now, won’t you? I must be ready to leave, to go out — in just a few minutes.”

“Of course. Mommadee and me, we understand.”

“Mommadee — that’s cute!” Glory said.

“And it is Poppadee,” Mommadee explained. “The Boy — Herbert — try to say ‘Mamma dear’ and ‘Papa dear’ when he was learning to talk . . . So always we keep those names.”

“You’re a darling,” Glory murmured. “Oh — you must take this back with you.” Gently she put the photograph back into Mommadee’s hand. “You’ll want it, sometime.”

They understood perfectly her meaning: that Herbert’s photograph, and Herbert, could have no place in her life.

OUTSIDE again, they felt older and aware that their clothes were shabby and cheap by Elm Drive standards; they saw their little old car as small, incongruous, outclassed in all ways, parked beside the curb among the splendid late-model ones here. It was a relief to drive away, to find themselves on the older streets among the heterogeneous traffic that was the whole city rather than an exclusive section. It was greater relief still, to leave the city, entering the country lanes and quiet acres where night was deep-blue-blackness sprinkled only sparsely with street lights and oc-

casual porch lamps or uncurtained windows shining out.

All the way they were silent, their dismay and disappointment heavy between them. Not until they were at home, within the warm comfort of the kitchen, did they speak what was in their hearts.

"The Boy — he wants something we cannot get for him!" Mommadee said then. "He must be hurt . . . and . . ." her voice rose in protest . . . "is nothing we can do, to make it right for him!" She shook out her handkerchief to wipe away tears which would no longer be denied. Never before, she was thinking, had The Boy asked something impossible. Now they must fail him, his Mommadee and Poppadee, in the most important desire he had expressed.

Poppadee came to help her out of her coat; his arms lingered at her shoulders in a gesture of comforting. "We can stand by, Mommadee. The Boy will not be — alone, while he needs us. That is something we can do. Is not so?"

"Not — enough!" she protested. "Almost I wish he was a child again, happy with small toys — and to be healed his bruises with kisses."

"Shame on you, Mommadee! Now is a man grown from our son, and you would keep him a child!"

She smiled at him, blinking. "I only said, almost I wish so, Poppadee."

"That," he said, "is better. Let the tears come if they will; they help you, my Lena. But not The Boy, you see."

"The tears I have finished with! But my heart it aches for The Boy. Love can hurt so terribly . . ." She stood back suddenly, looked

searchingly into his gentle gaze. "You — you do not grieve for him, Gustaf! How is?"

"Oh, a little, Mommadee," he answered. "There is no need. The Boy will be all right. This Gloria Jean is not the right girl for him; you will see, will come the right one, soon maybe."

"How can you know so surely?" she exclaimed. "Sometimes there is only one, and always a lonely heart . . ."

He shook his head. "No," he said patiently. "The Boy is like me. For me there was one like Gloria Jean; a burgomeister's daughter, she was. The hurt — oh, it was soon over, my Lena."

"So? . . . You never told me this, Gustaf."

"Pshaw," he said. "It was not important. I forgot all about her, after I found you, my Lena. Only then, did I know truly what was love, and how to live. Now cease the fretting, Mommadee. Everything will be fine."

". . . Like a man . . ." she murmured. Not with disapproval, but gently and with a sort of wonder. She started about the business of preparing for the night; she would say a special prayer for The Boy, that he would bear his hurt bravely and be the better for it when the new, the true love, came along.

Now is a man grown, The Boy, she repeated softly to herself. When his mother and father can no longer fulfill his wishes for him, cannot shield him from hurts, nor cure them with their love and kisses like small-boy bumps . . . Oh, now is a man grown — when he must stand by himself with life, and learn what grown men know.

The Argentine Mission

Preston Nibley

IN the fall of 1924, Wilhelm Fredricks and Emil Hoppe, members of the Church from Germany, who had moved to Argentina, wrote to the Church Authorities in Salt Lake City, asking that missionaries be sent to Buenos Aires, as there were a number of converts in that city awaiting baptism.

In September 1925, announcement was made by the First Presidency that Melvin J. Ballard of the Council of the Twelve had been appointed to open a mission in South America, and that he would proceed to Buenos Aires, after the October Conference, accompanied by Rulon S. Wells and Rey L. Pratt of the First Council of Seventy. Elder Wells spoke the German language and Elder Pratt the Spanish.

The above named brethren arrived in Buenos Aires on Sunday, December 6, 1925, and were met by Brothers Fredricks and Hoppe. One week later Elder Ballard baptized six persons in the Rio de la Plata. They were "the first fruits of the restored Gospel in South America." On December 25, 1925 (Christmas day) the three brethren from Salt Lake City, together with eight members of the Church, met in the Park 3 De Febrero at Buenos Aires, and Elder Ballard offered a prayer, dedicating the land of South America to the preaching of the gospel.



Photograph submitted by Amy Y. Valentine

ISCHILIN

A small village in the northern part of the Sierra Chicas (small hills) of Cordoba, Argentina.



Photograph submitted by Amy Y. Valentine

ENTRANCE TO THE LUJAN MUSEUM

In the Province of Buenos Aires, Argentina

Elder Ballard returned to Utah in 1926 and was succeeded by Elder Reinhold Stooft, as president of the South American Mission, with headquarters in Buenos Aires. A separate mission was formed in Argentina in 1935, with W. Ernest Young as president. He was succeeded by F. S. Williams in 1938; President Williams was succeeded by James L. Barker in 1942; President Barker was succeeded by W. Ernest Young in 1944. President Young presided until 1949, and was succeeded by Harold Brown who presided until 1952; he was succeeded by Lee B. Valentine, who presides at the present time. There are now twenty-nine branches of the Church in Argentina with approximately 1,400 members. Twenty-one Relief Society organizations were reported in 1954. Amy Y. Valentine is now president of the Argentine Mission Relief Society.

The Living Gifts

Dorothy Boys Kilian

RICK Extrom stood at the front window looking gloomily out past the bare black trees and the snowy slope to the silent sawmill on the river bank.

"If I could only get a few odd jobs somewhere," he sighed, "so I could pick up a little extra cash."

His wife, Greta, came in from the adjoining kitchen, broom in hand, and laid a warm hand on his arm. "I know what you're thinking, Rick," she said softly. "But you mustn't torture yourself because we don't have money for Pete's Christmas presents this year. He knows that, with the mill closed down temporarily, it's a hard winter for all of us."

Rick turned unhappy eyes to her. "Maybe he knows, yes, Greta, but you can't expect a five-year-old really to understand an empty stocking . . ."

"Tosh, it won't be empty," Greta protested. "There's that bushel basket of Winesaps we got from the lodge orchard, and the nuts you gathered along Old Mill Road. And I'm going to bake gingerbread men tonight, such nice, plump, big ones . . ." Her voice trembled to a stop.

"Greta, don't!" Rick groaned. "I'd almost feel better if you'd whack me over the head with that broom, for being such a fool."

"I don't happen to think you are a fool, Mr. Extrom . . . else why would I have married you?" Greta returned with spirit.

Rick grinned and squeezed her

hand. "You know what I mean, though," he insisted. "If I hadn't been such a pighead about staying here in Woodville when Uncle Gus offered me that janitor's job in Chicago . . ."

"You said you'd rather stay in the village where we've always lived, you and I, Rick, and where we know how, with the Lord's help, to bring up our boy to be a fine, strong man. You said," Greta reminded him, "that with your job as caretaker for the lodge, we'd probably get along better and be happier than with a full-time job in the city, living in a tiny, dark apartment . . ."

"Oh, sure," Rick interrupted, "I had fine, brave ideas. But it wasn't Christmas Eve then."

"Since when is Christmas Eve a time to stop being fine and brave?" Greta asked indignantly. "You go along now, Rick, before it gets dark. Take Pete's sled and get that fir they promised you from the lodge grounds. At least the boy'll have a tree . . . and maybe something more." She looked over at the little wooden creche figures carefully set up on the living-room table. "Somehow," she said, smiling at her husband, "it's just not in me to feel hopeless about *anything* on Christmas Eve."

AS Rick strode down the lane towards the lodge, the crunch, crunch of his boots on the hard-packed snow seemed to be saying "fool—fool—soft-hearted fool . . ." He knew that it wasn't just for

Pete's sake that he'd stayed on here. It was also because he loved the sound of the river-wind sighing, as it was now, through the pines, loved the glittering beauty of white fields touched by the slanting rays of the late afternoon sun, would miss, painfully, the quiet peacefulness of a man alone on a road in his very own countryside . . .

He shrugged his shoulders and opened the gates of the lodge grounds. Through the trees he saw the building itself ablaze with lights as the December day drew in. Several families, he knew, had come up with their children for a country holiday. What would Peter think tomorrow when he saw the elaborate gifts those youngsters would surely receive!

Well, he'd at least have a Christmas tree; the grove behind the lodge needed thinning. Rick picked up the axe from the sled and looked around him. Deciding on a shapely balsam fir about his own height, he began, with his foot, to scrape the snow away from the base of its trunk. Then he pulled the mitten off his right hand and ran his fingers carefully along the blade of the axe.

As he raised the gleaming tool to swing, and faced the tree directly, he stared at its lustrous green needles, its dark purple cones standing erect like candles on its upper branches. Then, in a flash, he saw that same tree a month from now, lying forlornly on the ash heap by the back fence, brittle, brown, lifeless. Slowly he lowered the axe, laid it on the sled and scuffed off through the grove to get a shovel from the shed back of the lodge.

It took some time to get the fir

on to the sled in just the condition he wanted it; the sun had now gone down and the winter dusk was rapidly turning to night.

Just as he was ready to leave, he heard a rustling sound nearby. Peering through the gloom he saw a rabbit huddled under a bush, its eyes glazed with fear, one hind leg stretched out unnaturally straight. Apparently, it had gotten loose from a trap, with a broken leg.

RICK himself had often snared rabbits. But, somehow, this was different . . . it was Christmas Eve, and the little animal had made a brave escape. Tenderly and carefully, he picked it up and tucked it under one arm. Then, pulling the sled rope with his other hand, he started home.

At the bend of the road, near the river, a gray shadow crossed his path, then stopped at his feet. A tiny, thin kitten, meowing piteously, rubbed its back against his boots.

"You been deserted on a cold night like this?" Rick asked softly. He hesitated a moment, then dropped the sled rope and scooped the furry little thing up into his jacket pocket.

The lights of his own cottage, usually so warm and beckoning, this time only reminded him of his problem. As he opened the kitchen door he sniffed the fresh, tangy odor of newly popped corn. That would be Greta preparing trimmings for the tree. She never failed to do her part. If only he might have come through with something . . .

"I got the tree all right," he said, standing motionless on the gray and red braided rug just inside the door. "And see," he looked down ruefully

at the animals, "two more mouths to feed. Don't bother to say it, I know I'm hopeless."

"They won't eat much," Greta said lightly, putting an old towel down behind the wood stove for the kitten to cuddle on.

She stayed on her knees for a long moment, gently stroking the tiny animal's back. When she got up she said eagerly, "Did Peter see you when you came in just now?"

"No, why?"

"Rick," Greta's eyes were shining, "do you realize what's happened?"

"**W**AIT'LL you see what I got!"

Rick heard Peter shout excitedly late Christmas morning as he brought two little boys from the lodge out into the kitchen.

"What'd you get?" the boys echoed.

"Present number one," crowed Peter, pointing behind the stove where the kitten, with a huge, slightly chewed, red bow around its neck, slumbered peacefully.

The boys stooped down to pat the cuddly little animal, but Peter was already at the back door. "Come on," he called impatiently, "this way for number two."

He led the way out to the back porch where stood a wooden cage made from two apple crates and

some wire screen. Dozing contentedly in a corner, a splint tied with red and green ribbon to one hind leg, a carrot between its front paws, was the rabbit.

"Boy!" Peter's friends breathed in unison.

"Even our Christmas tree is alive," Peter finished exultantly. "Come look."

Rick followed the children into the living room and looked with them at the little fir set in a wash-tub full of dirt, its cones touched with silver paint, its branches decorated with red cranberry chains and dazzling white popcorn balls.

"We're going to plant it out in the front yard next week, so we'll have it always," Peter explained happily. "See what I meant when I told you I had a very special Christmas this year? A *living* Christmas, that's what Mommy called it."

Rick moved close to Greta, who was standing by the table, smilingly fingering the little figures at the creche.

"Peter's right," he said gratefully. "This was your idea."

"But it was you who brought home these things," Greta answered warmly. "See what Christmas Eve brings to people with soft, foolish hearts!"

Weaving

Miriam W. Wright.

The tapestry of truth brightens with time,
For threads of truth endure. Hands should define
And cast aside the skeins which weave so soon
A fabric of deceit.
Guard well thy loom.



Willard Luce

DEER CREEK RESERVOIR, UTAH
With Mount Timpanogos in the Background

New Year's Day

Christie Lund Coles

The breaking day is luminous and bright
As the New Year gilding the horizon's rim;
And all the snowy earth is touched with light,
As diamonds sparkle on each furry limb;
The slender icicles are crystal clear,
As they catch and hold the sequins wrought by sun;
The arch of sky is after-snow-storm near.
The snow is webbed, and delicately spun.

What an exultant morning, what a day,
What an expectant hour to start again,
With bounteous nature heralding the way,
Transmuting all to beauty and to gain.

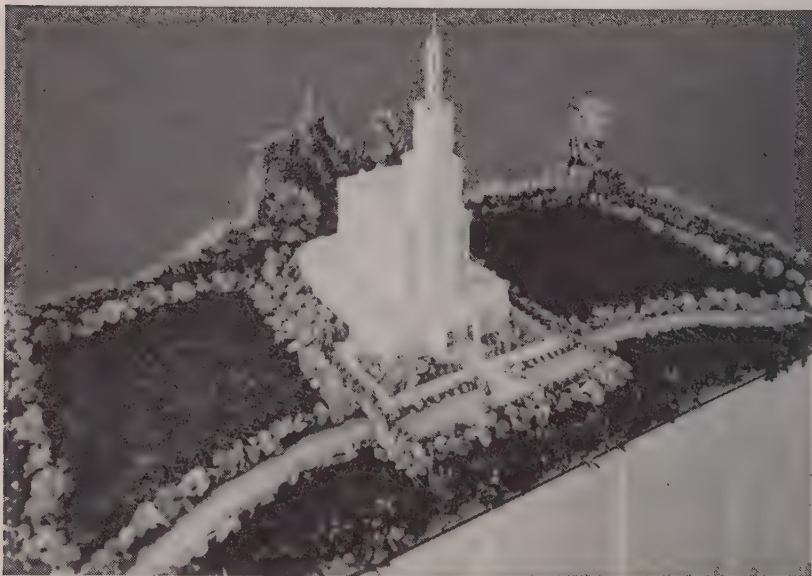
Gone is the night, the sorrow of the past.
The New Year dawns. Oh, hold its promise fast!

Swiss Temple Table Arrangement

Yale Second Ward, Bonneville Stake

Inez R. Allen

THERE is always joy and happiness when it is again time to commence our Relief Society activities. Every member comes ready and willing to help with the opening social.



Hal Rumel

TABLE DECORATION WITH THE SWISS TEMPLE AS MOTIF

Our Heavenly Father has so generously distributed his gifts and talents among us that great things may be accomplished if we but try. At our opening social last September, the air was full of news and reports of the European trip of the Tabernacle Choir. For this reason we chose as our theme: "The Temple in Switzerland."

Sister Emma Ray Riggs McKay who had just returned from the dedication of the new temple, graciously accepted the invitation to be our guest speaker. It was as if a mother were speaking to her own family of daughters, and we loved her for it.

To create the atmosphere of Switzerland, three lovely Swiss dolls, dressed in costume, were placed among roses and fern by the side of the pulpit. To the left was displayed the red and white national flag of that country, while our own Stars and Stripes proudly reigned over the whole picture.

Displaying the two flags seemed to bring about a feeling of unity between the two

countries. The musical program correlated with the theme and seemed to transport us to Switzerland.

After the program, refreshments were served in the amusement hall.

The above picture was the center of the serving table, and as Sister McKay approached she exclaimed, "The Temple!" The cake in the shape of the temple was made of delicious white cake with pineapple filling. Brother Martin Backer made and donated it to our Relief Society. Small geranium blossoms were used to represent the flower gardens, while shrubs and real grass finished the landscape.

The two adjoining tables from which tasty refreshments were served, finished the picture.

When each member does her bit to help and is generous in donating, everything moves along harmoniously and with little expense. The cake was well preserved and kept until the next Tuesday when it was cut and served to all the members.

Recipes from Argentina

Keith F. Thompson

TUCO (SAUCE)

For serving with spaghetti, tallarines, and pastries.

Proportions may be varied to suit individual taste. Simmering of the sauce should begin three to four hours before serving time, as long simmering improves the flavor.

3 or more pork chops (according to number to be served). Brown the chops in butter or other fat and cook until nearly done.

Place pork chops in kettle and add:

- | | |
|----------------------------|---------------------------------|
| 1 small onion | 2 small tomatoes peeled |
| 1 medium-sized carrot | $\frac{1}{4}$ tsp. nutmeg |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ green pepper | $1\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. salt |
| 3 cloves of garlic | $\frac{1}{4}$ tsp. white pepper |

When the mixture has simmered until it becomes thickened, add:

- | | |
|------------------------------|--|
| 1 six-ounce can tomato paste | |
| $2\frac{1}{2}$ c. water | |

Continue simmering until time for serving, three to four hours in all.

TALLARINES

To be served with Tuco (Sauce)

Mix together:

- | | |
|-------------------------|--|
| 1 c. white flour | |
| 1 egg | |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. salt | |

Add enough water to knead into a dough like pie crust.

Potatoes, butter, or milk may be added to suit taste.

Roll out on board and cut into narrow strips like spaghetti.

Place strips in boiling water, salted to taste, and boil fifteen to twenty minutes, according to size of strips.

Sixty Years Ago

Excerpts From the *Woman's Exponent*, January 1, and January 15, 1896

"FOR THE RIGHTS OF THE WOMEN OF ZION AND THE RIGHTS OF THE
WOMEN OF ALL NATIONS"

THE RELIEF SOCIETY IN BUNKERVILLE, NEVADA: On the 23rd of Nov., we left for Bunkerville, crossing the Rio Virgin a great number of times. When we were nearing Bunkerville, the braces on our carriage tongue broke and left us in the river; through the kindness of our esteemed friend George F. Jarvis, we were carried out and landed on terra firma We met with the Relief Society sisters. They own a lot containing an almond orchard also a granary, and something over a hundred bushels of wheat. We advised them to make what improvements they could and turn their almonds into grain, and store it against the time of need

—Ann C. Woodbury

TO MRS. ZINA D. H. YOUNG
(on Her Birthday)

From ev'ry saint that dwelleth here,
From saints that long this land to see,
This day is wafted heavenward
Remembrances and prayers for thee.
From weary march and roofless camp
Unto the temples famed and grand
Thy feet trod first the barrenness
And to His houses lent thy hand.

—Augusta Joyce Crocheron

WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE ASSOCIATION: The W.S.A. of Parowan held an exultation meeting the evening of the seventh. It was a general time of rejoicing. The house was filled to o'er flowing as it generally is at the meetings of the W.S.A. The room was neatly decorated for the occasion. After the opening exercises yellow ribbon badges were passed to all present. The program consisted of speeches, songs, music from the orchestra and band. Many were called on for sentiments or expressions of their feelings on this joyful occasion (the granting of statehood to Utah)

—J. M. L.

DYING, YET LIVING

After seasons of storm-cloud and sunshine
Close the year with unerring pace,
The traces of pleasure or trial
Are written on mind, heart and face.
Again we pause for a reckoning—
Contrition, and solemn resolve; #
Sweet conscience silently beckoning
While many new plans we evolve,
That will chasten, uplift, and inspire
To feelings more pure and divine . . .

—E. R. Shipp



Woman's Sphere

Ramona W. Cannon

THE women of the Philippines are extraordinarily progressive. Usually the business managers in their households, they are often also joint managers with their husbands, of business enterprises. The percentage of women physicians, surgeons, dentists, pharmacists, lawyers, and professors is much higher than in the United States. In the College of Liberal Arts, University of the Philippines, thirty-five per cent of the faculty are women—a three or four times higher percentage than in most co-educational institutions in the United States. Although it was 1937 before female suffrage came to the Philippines, two-fifths of the voters in 1953 were women.

ALICIA PATTERSON, publisher of Long Island's *Newsday*, is a brilliant journalist. She represents the fourth generation of the Medill, Patterson, McCormick journalistic dynasty. Stormy Colonel Robert R. McCormick, recently deceased, and his cousin, Joseph Patterson, published the *Chicago Tribune* upon the death of their famous grandfather, Joseph Medill, a great journalist. "Bazy" Miller Tankersley, former *Washington Times-Herald* editor, another woman-of-the-family newspaper star, is a niece of Colonel McCormick.

MRS. PANSY H. POWELL, of Salt Lake City, a frequent contributor to *The Relief Society Magazine*, has been awarded first place in a recent national contest of the American Poetry League, with the poem "Greenwich: 1390 A.D."

MRS. AGNES JUST REID, long a contributor to *The Relief Society Magazine*, is one of twenty-five women photographed and quoted in *Life Magazine* (October 3, 1955) as responding to Anne Morrow Lindbergh's philosophy, expressed in her recent book, *Gift from the Sea*. Each explains her own method of finding inner peace and satisfaction.

Birthday congratulations are extended to: Mrs. Emma Bandle, Salt Lake City, one hundred; Mrs. Eliza Drake McManus, Ogden, Utah, one hundred; Mrs. Janet Buchanan Evans, Salt Lake City, ninety-three; Mrs. Mary Ann Reese, Paragonah, Utah, ninety-three; Mrs. Annie M. Whitehead, Logan, Utah, ninety-two; Mrs. Mary Eliza James, Phoenix, Arizona, ninety-two; Mrs. Stene Christiansen Jensen, Salt Lake City, ninety-one; Mrs. Agnes Power Vincent, Salt Lake City, ninety; Mrs. Carrie A. Nicolls, Phoenix, Arizona, ninety; Mrs. Mary Ellen McElroy Hawthorne, Salt Lake City, ninety.



Greetings for the New Year

ONCE more we greet the dawn of a New Year. Another page of our life history, filled with the events of everyday living, is ready to be turned. Let us review the page of life written this past year, for the purpose of taking stock of ourselves and our possessions, to determine if we have been wise stewards, and to aid us in our resolve to do better in the coming year.

What of ourselves? Have we been what we professed to be? Have we been what people thought we were? Were we true to God, true to our fellow men, true to ourselves? Are we satisfied with what we have accomplished in the year just gone?

What of our possessions? Have we expended our means profitably in assisting to build the kingdom of God? Have we treasured our time and sanctified it in service to our fellow men? Have our talents been left unused, or have they increased because we have used them for the benefit and blessing of others? Have we hidden away or selfishly used that which has been conferred upon us, thus deserving to have withdrawn that which was entrusted to us, or have we been wise stewards and profitable servants, deserving of additional blessings? Only the Bestower of our gifts, can judge.

Let us turn the leaf. Before us lies a clean, new page, ready to receive whatever record we choose to make. How full of promise it appears, for most of us are prospectively good at the beginning of the year! We enjoin ourselves to reform from our bad habits of the past, and we determine to take upon ourselves a multitude of new virtues. It is well to aspire, to make good resolutions, but we should bear in mind that no matter how earnestly we resolve, we cannot overcome well-established habits merely by resolving to do so. Neither can we remake ourselves overnight.

So, in making our resolutions this New Year, let us be sure that they are such as we can keep, overcoming our faults one at a time, improving here a little, there a little, one step at a time, until we approach the goal set by the Savior when he said, "Be ye therefore perfect." Only with the spirit of the Lord can we attain that goal, so let us, above all else, resolve to seek earnestly for the spirit of the Lord, that we may write upon this year's page of life a history of achievement better than we have been able to do in any previous year, earning from our Father in heaven the plaudit, "Well and faithfully done."

—V. N. S.

In Memoriam — Emeline Young Nebeker

EMELINE Young Nebeker, former member of the general board of Relief Society, died Monday, November 7th, in New York City. Sister Nebeker, a resident of Salt Lake City, had recently returned from Europe and was visiting with her daughter, Mrs. Sam D. (Emeline) Thurman. Funeral services for Sister Nebeker were conducted in the Twelfth Ward, University Stake, Salt Lake City, November 12, 1955.

Emeline Young Nebeker was born September 27, 1875, a daughter of Hyrum S. and Georgiana Fox Young, and was a granddaughter of Brigham Young. She was married to Walter D. Nebeker in 1900, and became the mother of two children: W. Dilworth Nebeker and Emeline Nebeker Thurman.

Sister Nebeker faithfully served the Church for many years in the Primary, the Young Woman's Mutual Improvement Association, and in Relief Society. She became a member of the general board of Relief Society in 1929 and served with outstanding ability until 1939. Gifted with the qualities of gracious leadership, she was beloved by Relief Society women throughout the Church, and her inspirational addresses will long be remembered. Generous with her time and talents, she discharged with exceptional ability many civic and community responsibilities. Her kind ministrations were a blessing to her family and her friends, and the example of her "works of compassion and charity" are as a memorial to her sisters in Relief Society. She is remembered with love and appreciation.

Covers of the Relief Society Magazine Will Feature Missions Outside Continental United States

Beginning with the cover for this issue, "Mountain Vista in the National Park Near Bariloche, by the Nahuel Huapi Lake, Argentina," *The Relief Society Magazine* will feature covers from the missions of the Church outside the continental United States. Short histories of the respective missions will be presented in connection with the covers. Note the summarized history of the Argentine Mission on page 22 of this issue, and the "Recipes From Argentina," on page 29.

New Serial "There Is Still Time" to Begin in February

A new serial "There Is Still Time" by Margery S. Stewart will begin in the February issue of *The Relief Society Magazine*. The story concerns a strange dream which has a significant meaning for Elizabeth Anderson, her husband Brent, and their children. Only after the pattern of their lives has been greatly changed does Elizabeth realize abiding joy in their family life.

Margery S. Stewart has written several serials, many short stories, and a number of excellent poems for the *Magazine*. Her work reveals a most careful selection and use of words and vivid character portrayal.



Notes TO THE FIELD

Relief Society Assigned Evening Meeting of Fast Sunday in March

THE Sunday night meeting to be held on Fast Day, March 4, 1956, has again been assigned by the First Presidency for use by the Relief Society.

Suggestive plans for this evening meeting have been prepared by the general board and sent to the stakes in bulletin form.

It is suggested that ward Relief Society presidents confer with their bishops immediately to arrange for this meeting. Music for the Singing Mothers should be ordered at once.

Lesson Work for Spanish-Speaking Relief Societies and Other Minority Groups in Stakes

RELIEF Society lessons for Spanish-speaking Relief Societies are now translated at Church Headquarters and printed in pamphlet form. These pamphlets are on sale at The Relief Society General Board Office, 40 North Main Street, for 64 cents per copy, postpaid.

The pamphlet contains theology and visiting teacher messages used in the English-speaking wards in 1954-55; the second year of *The Restoration of All Things*, by President Joseph Fielding Smith, in lieu of the literature course; and the third year of *The Signs of the Times* by President Joseph Fielding Smith in lieu of the social science course.

For Lamanite organizations in stakes which do not follow the outlined courses presented in *The Relief Society Magazine* and which do not speak Spanish, these same lessons may be followed through writing to the general board for the annual previews in English to *The Restoration of All Things* and *The Signs of the Times*.

Where it is felt that these lessons are not suitable for minority groups, then it is left to the good judgment of each Relief Society stake board, in consultation with the stake president, to choose and plan lessons which will be particularly suited to a particular group. Where a stake Relief Society has a collection of volumes of *The Relief Society Magazine*, it is usually possible to find suitable lesson work through a careful evaluation of past lessons which will have significance in the lives of these sisters, since

Relief Society lessons published over the years have dealt with a great variety of subject matter prepared for use in both stake and mission organizations.

Award Subscriptions Presented in April

THE award subscriptions presented to Magazine representatives for having obtained 75 per cent or more subscriptions to the Magazine in relation to their enrolled Relief Society members, are not awarded until after the stake Magazine representatives' annual reports have been audited. Award cards for these subscriptions for the year 1955 will be mailed to ward and stake Magazine representatives about April 1, 1956.

Bound Volumes of 1955 Relief Society Magazines

RELIEF Society officers and members who wish to have their 1955 issues of *The Relief Society Magazine* bound may do so through The Desert News Press, 31 Richards Street, Salt Lake City, 1, Utah. The cost for binding the twelve issues in a permanent cloth binding is \$2.50, including the index. If a leather binding is preferred, the cost is \$3.50.

See schedules of postage rates in this issue of the Magazine, page 72. If bound volumes are desired, and the Magazine cannot be supplied by the person making the request, the Magazines will be supplied for \$1.50 by the Magazine Department, General Board of Relief Society, 40 North Main Street, Salt Lake City, Utah. Only a limited number of Magazines are available for binding.

It is recommended that wards and stakes have one volume of the 1955 Magazines bound for preservation in ward and stake Relief Society libraries.

At Midnight, December Thirty-first

Katherine F. Larsen

White in the chime-begun year
 Snow swirls incessantly, silently there
 Beyond the glass, covering mistakes, softening harsh fact
 To make an ideal world. Lean on my shoulder, dear,
 Let us look together out into the whorl of storm.
 If I have in that spent year of days
 Done other than I should have, or in any act
 Or word offended, let your forgiveness cover it
 As does this snow all bleakness, all raw forms.
 Take my hand; let us begin as if over again,
 Telling each other silently by our nearness
 How far we have come, together;
 And how our hearth's fire we knelt and lit together,
 Tongues of fire crackling at our backs,
 And warming.

How to Sell

The Relief Society Magazine

Dr. Royal L. Garff

Professor of Speech and Selling, University of Utah

THERE is a rule that sharply separates the order taker from the salesman. It emphasizes that the order taker "sells only things," while the "creative salesman sells ideas about things"—ideas that make for health, education, happiness, income, and security.

An order taker for *The Relief Society Magazine* would merely ask the sisters to subscribe as a duty, a favor, or to help them get a percentage, by saying, "You wouldn't like to take *The Relief Society Magazine*, would you?"

The Relief Society Magazine, like all good products, has to be sold, if an acceptable circulation is to be achieved; and those imaginative, energetic sisters who sell it will sell not a magazine, but its value of knowledge, culture, and spirituality. They will sell pleasant hours and the value of building character and a home, and the joy of developing the talents of children. They will show how the *Magazine* contains material for two-and-a-half minute talks and priceless ideas and helps on home-building and life-building. They will take carefully chosen copies of the *Magazine* along with them as they work for subscriptions, and point out specific articles, poems, and choice bits that every sister will desire to possess. They will show how these treasures may be had for less than fifteen cents a month—the price of an ice-cream

cone or a couple of pieces of candy. They will paint pictures of benefits, advantages, and values in the mind of the subscriber that will greatly exceed the price.

Why do we need salespersons for so fine a publication? Because people do not see what they look at. They see an expenditure of carefully saved money or just so much type and paper. The desire to subscribe develops only when the features of the *Magazine* are pictured as benefits by a sincere, cheerful, enthusiastic, and persuasive salesperson.

To do a topflight job of selling your excellent *Magazine*, excel in these suggestions:

1. Get to work at once and see all your prospects immediately — don't delay or proceed hit or miss. Pitch in, anticipate success, banish discouragement and a negative attitude, radiate enthusiasm and joy in the work. And do it now!

2. When people hesitate and refuse to subscribe, ask "Why?" Find out the real objection. Then, answer it in a pleasant, calm manner. Use facts, testimonials, and brief stories that show how and why those who subscribe benefit. *Under no circumstances get into an argument.*

When you have completed your presentation of the benefits to be enjoyed from subscribing, when you have taken the dark glasses from your prospect's eyes and enabled her to see what she will lose if she deprives herself of the *Magazine*, suggest that she subscribe now! And

give her a choice between two alternatives, either of which will result in a subscription. Don't ask her to choose between something and nothing. Help her decide not between subscribing or not subscribing, but between such alternatives as:

Should the subscription begin with next month's issue or the following one?

Should the subscription come in the name of Mrs. Frank Smith or Mrs. Ruth Smith? and so on.

Apply these simple principles of good salesmanship and observe how much easier the work of getting subscriptions is—and how greatly your subscribers increase, and with less effort.

Now, go to work, and have fun!

Polio Isn't Licked Yet

Basil O'Connor

President, The National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis

Many people mistakenly believe that, now that we have an effective polio vaccine, the fight against the disease is over and there is no further need for the March of Dimes.

Polio Isn't Licked Yet. This theme of the 1956 March of Dimes seeks to drive home the fact that the fight against polio must continue unabated even though a March of Dimes vaccine has been developed, tested, and administered to several million children.

Polio Isn't Licked Yet. Why? Because we cannot forget the polio victims of yesterday, today, and, yes, tomorrow . . . Because vital March of Dimes research must continue . . . Because the training of desperately needed medical and scientific people must go on until polio is really licked.

Polio Isn't Licked Yet. But the reading and listening habits of this busy nation are such that the phrase Salk vaccine automatically means to many that the end of polio is already with us. Of course, no success comes this quickly and it would be a desperate tragedy if true success were delayed by such a misconception.

Polio challenges still confronting the American people include:

1. Continued scientific research to improve the vaccine and to find ways to overcome crippling left by the disease itself.
2. Assistance to the tens of thousands of persons already stricken with polio and to those who will come down with the disease before the vaccine is universally used.
3. Professional education to increase the number of skilled heads and hands in polio hospitals and laboratories.
4. Education to increase public demand for polio protection.

In all candor, continued progress toward the eventual control of polio can proceed at full speed only if people realize that we still have a long way to go. And even as I thank you for all your past cooperation, I appeal to you anew to throw your full support behind the 1956 March of Dimes.

The Closed Circle

Beatrice Rordame Parsons

EIGHT-year-old Kenny came rushing into the kitchen from outdoors. His galoshes dripped messily on Sybil's newly scrubbed linoleum. His face was alight with eagerness.

"Can we buy a Christmas tree? They've got 'em in over at the store! Can we . . . Mother?" There was a tiny, uncertain pause before the word.

Sybil's heart twisted. She wasn't the children's mother. Not their real mother. But she so wanted to be. Not that she wanted to take their mother's place in their hearts. She only wanted to earn a love of her own.

Kenny was already on his way into the living room. "I'll ask Daddy," cried Kenny, and in another moment Sybil heard his voice urging his father to buy a tree before they were all picked over.

Sybil shivered with sudden cold, knowing what Paul was about to tell the children. He'd called them all into the living room to tell them. Yet Sybil knew how reluctant he was to speak.

Dan and Danielle, Paul's sixteen-year-old twins were making gay plans for the holidays.

"Ski-ing!" laughed Danielle, and through the archway Sybil could see her blue eyes brighten as she tossed her shining blond hair back from her face.

"Skating!" shouted Dan, and his eyes matched his sister's. His blond hair was cut into a very short crew, and his long legs moved like pistons as he walked about the room.

Twelve-year-old Elna had other plans. "I'm going to all the movies! With Helen. We've got a crush on Boyd Lawson. He's smooth!"

Kenny tugged at his father's sleeve. "Can we buy a tree? Can we?"

Paul's face was pale, tense as he sat in his wheel chair, the cast he was wearing heavy and uncomfortable about his body. His voice was strained.

"Before we talk about the tree, Kenny, there's something I want to discuss." His voice was low, and Sybil could not hear the exact words.

But she knew them by heart. She and Paul had talked it over that very afternoon. Paul hated to dash his children's plans, but Paul wasn't a man to shirk his duty. He was a commercial airline pilot. An accident had put him in the hospital for weeks, then at home in a wheel chair and cast. Paul was worried with expenses. Now that his tone was less muffled, she could hear what he was saying.

"It's not that we're broke. Just bent. My accident wasn't entirely covered by my insurance. You know how I feel about debt. I can't afford to send Dan and Danielle to Brighton for the Christmas Holidays . . ."

Kenny broke in shrilly: "Can't we have a tree?"

Paul's smile tried to reassure them. "Of course we'll have a tree. And a merry Christmas!"

"Without presents?" insisted

Kenny, and his voice sounded hollow.

"A few," promised Paul, and his own voice sounded strange.

ELNA'S face was stricken. "But I was planning! . . ." She was close to tears. "Oh, Daddy, isn't there some way we can have all the things we want?"

Paul shook his head slowly. "Not this Christmas, darling." He burst out: "It makes me feel . . ." He skipped that and said quietly: "Maybe there is a way. All of you worked at odd jobs during the summer . . ."

"You mean our piggy banks!" squealed Elna, rushing to hug him in spite of the cast.

Kenny's shout was triumphant. "Then I can still buy my 'lectric train."

Elna's face was wreathed in smiles. "Just oodles of skirts and blouses for my money!"

Dan and Danielle caught the spirit. Danielle said laughingly: "That blue frock in Rogers' window. Warren's taking me to the Christmas Prom. He thinks I look keen in blue!"

Dan spread his legs wide apart, and his eyes sparkled. "I'll bet I've enough for a down payment on that sweet little chassis over on the used car lot."

Kenny squealed: "Let's put together and buy the biggest tree at the grocery store." His face fell, and he said uncertainly: "What about Christmas dinner? Are we going to have a turkey?"

Paul smiled. He saw Sybil standing quietly in the background. "Your mother will see to the tur-

key," he promised. He put out his hand to draw Sybil into the circle. It widened. But it didn't close. Sybil sat at Paul's side, and knew that she had spoiled things once again. For a moment no one spoke. Then Kenny headed for the kitchen with his piggy bank.

"Where's the hammer?" He shouted, and the others went to help him find it. There was the loud sound of shattered plaster, laughter, as nickles, pennies, and quarters spilled over the kitchen table.

Paul put out his good arm and pulled Sybil closer. He was very relieved. "Well, that's over," he said, and let his breath out in a big sigh.

Sybil leaned her head against his arm. She loved him too deeply to remind him that the children had acted very selfishly.

Not a word about gifts for each other, for their father, for Sybil. They had thought only of what they wanted. She hoped Paul wouldn't see. Her voice was gay, excited.

"We'll have lots of packages under the tree, Paul. I'll talk with the children. Make plans. I can sew." She was as excited as a child, and her brown eyes glowed happily.

Paul put his lips tenderly against her warm cheek and kissed her. His own eyes were shining happily as he told her: "The doctor's promised I'll be out of this cast in time to help trim the tree."

Like Elna, she hugged him fervently, laughing because his cast was so unyielding. Tears and stars were mixed together in her eyes, and her voice was gentle.

"Oh, Paul! Merry Christmas! Having you well and strong again is all the Christmas I want."

She giggled a little, and forgave the children. She was being selfish, too.

A couple of days later when the children came tramping through the snow after school, they went straight to the living room for a conference with their father. Sybil, knowing that she did not belong, stayed quietly in the background, reading her magazine.

But she could not fail to hear, for Elna's tone was shrill, stricken.

"Oh, Daddy! I can only buy one skirt, and one blouse with my piggy bank!"

Danielle sounded just as miserable. "I can't afford that blue dress." She bit her lip, then burst out furiously: "I've told Warren I'm not going to the Prom. I'd rather die than be seen in my old green dress."

Kenny's lip trembled. "That 'lectric train costs more'n I've got."

Dan paced the room, not looking at his father. "The man at the used car lot says you'll have to sign the contract, Dad."

Sybil saw how tense and strained Paul looked. Yet he lifted his head and spoke quietly.

"I'm sorry. It's against my principles to go into debt." When they would have interrupted, each intent on his or her own problem, Paul lifted trembling hands, and spoke soberly: "We'll all just have to make the best of it."

"The best!" cried Elna, then burst into tears and rushed away to her room. The others followed silently.

Sybil crept close to Paul's wheel chair. She tried to make her voice light, unworried as she said: "Paul, darling, I've got a little money saved. I meant to use it to send for my mother and father. They've never met you or the children. I wanted them for Christmas . . ." her voice wobbled, but she made it firm and added: "maybe I can send for them next year."

She saw Paul's hands turning and twisting in his lap. She knew how helpless he felt. She wanted to help him. She put her own hands over his and said with a tender smile: "I'll tell the children right this minute." Before he could prevent her, she was on her way upstairs.

As usual all of them were in Danielle's room, for it was biggest, and boasted more chairs. The door was closed, and the children's voices rose and fell behind it. When Sybil knocked, the voices stopped, and when Danielle opened the door, Sybil knew just how unwelcome she really was.

Her legs trembled a little as she stepped inside. She hated herself for feeling shy and tongue-tied before Paul's children. But from the first — three months ago — they had built a wall against her. Not that they were rude. Unkind. Just that they were strangers. As she was a stranger in their home. They resented her intrusion.

Danielle's voice was quietly uninterested. "Did you want something . . . Mother?"

The word tagged along. Not with any desire to hurt. But as an afterthought. From the first Sybil had wanted the children to think

of her as a sort of second mother. She hadn't wanted to take anything from Paul's first wife. Lula had been the children's mother. Paul's first love. She belonged in this house. In all their hearts. Sybil, shy, retiring, had never wanted to usurp her place. If only she could make the children know.

BUT she found a lump in her throat as she tried to speak, and instead of telling of her mother and father, she tried to make them interested in the plans she had formed. She made her voice gay, excited, but deep inside she was shaking with pain and loneliness.

"I've a little money. My very own. I thought perhaps you'd let me put it with what you have and . . ."

She stopped. They were staring at her with cold suspicion. As though she might be trying to buy herself a place in their lives. She hurried on, stammering a little, because her shyness had made her cheeks too pink.

"I'd like to sew for Elna and Danielle. Remnants at Rogers' aren't too awfully expensive. Blouses can be made out of very little material. Perhaps I can copy that frock . . ."

She could not go on in the face of their unresponsive stares. She managed something light, foolish, before she withdrew and closed the door. Though Paul called to her, she did not go back downstairs for a little while.

She had to have time to compose herself. Even scold herself for being presumptuous. Instead of making the children happier, she had

made them uncomfortable. Instead of drawing the children closer, she had pushed them further away.

Yet, she couldn't abandon her plans. There was a certain stubbornness, a deep desire to make the children love her, that made her tell Paul what she had in her mind.

She hoped he would not find traces of her tears in her voice as they sat together, side by side, hands clasped, happy in their companionship. She swallowed painfully, but she made herself speak.

"I'm going to give the children a nice Christmas, Paul. I know how they feel. Kenny's just a baby . . ." she broke off, seeing the wistful frown on Paul's face.

He spoke almost angrily. "Sybil, if I could, I'd give him the biggest, longest train that ever wheeled a track." His voice failed, he lifted his pale hands in a helpless little gesture that twisted Sybil's heart.

She couldn't bother Paul further with her plans. She couldn't let him know how the desire to be a real part of the family was churning within her. She pretended to be busy with her grocery list. She wrote: Turkey, and found Paul grinning down at her.

"Don't forget stuffin'," he reminded her teasingly, and when he took away her pencil and kissed her, she felt better.

"Paul," she said, returning his kiss, "even in that wheel chair you're my pillar of strength."

His smile was one-sided. He confessed: "I'm just a phony, darling. Deep down inside I'm scared. But I know how blessed I am to have you. And the children."

Her smile was tender. "Darling,

a man is twice blessed if he know's he's blessed."

THE next morning Sybil was first down to the kitchen. Someone — she suspected Kenny — had ringed the 25th with bright red crayon. It gave her hope until the children assembled. A dark curtain of gloom hung over the table as she served breakfast, went to take Paul his tray.

As she came back into the kitchen, she heard Dan say angrily: "Lately, everything's come unglued! Things were all right until . . ."

Sybil's fingers flew to her ears so that she might not hear the end of the sentence. She realized that in some obscure way the children were blaming her for spoiling Christmas.

She stood there in the hallway, leaning weakly against the wall, while she looked at the situation as the children saw it. They had been happy with their father after their mother died. Just having him there, close, dependable, had eased the pain of their loss. For over a year the little family had been a unit.

Then Paul and Sybil had met. Paul had flown a cargo into the city where Sybil worked. They had met when he came to her office. He had come several times. And on his last visit he had asked her to have dinner with him before he returned home.

Over white linen and gleaming silver, Paul had talked of his home and children. Of Lula. Sybil had known his loneliness. His need for a woman's understanding and love. Yet, when he came again, and asked her to marry him, she had not said

yes. There were Paul's children. All of them big enough to remember their dear mother. All of them old enough to resent another woman's presence in the home.

When Paul went away, Sybil knew how much she loved him. When he came back with an insistent question, she accepted eagerly. After their temple marriage, and a short honeymoon, they had flown to Paul's home.

Home! How Sybil had dreamed of going home with Paul. Of sharing that home with Paul's children. But the children had shut her away. They were fine people — Paul's young brood. They were not deliberately impolite. But the wall they raised between themselves and Sybil was insurmountable. Paul did not guess, nor know. Sybil did not tell him. She knew how hurt he would be.

She tucked her secret pain deep in her heart, and knew she was pretending that everything would turn out all right. Now, as she stood there, her fingers pressing her ears so that she could not hear, she knew that in some odd way Paul's children were packaging all their disappointments about Christmas with the fact that Sybil was part of the cause for their unhappiness.

When she stepped back into the kitchen with its tangy smell of crisp bacon and browned toast, her face was pale and strained, but the children paid her small attention. Taut nerves showed in the way they bickered with each other.

Danielle said sharply: "Those fingernails, Dan! They look like you've been cleaning chimneys!"

He gave her a scathing glance,

and said, too sweetly: "All the better for Santa Claus!"

"Well, he's not coming down our chimney," cried Kenny darkly. "Once we used to get lots of gifts. Our stockings used to be stuffed with candy, oranges, and nuts!"

"Nuts!" Dan said the word deep under his breath. But it did not lose any of the bitterness that burned in Dan's heart. That car had been the dream of his young life. Like every other going-on-seventeen-year-old fellow, Dan needed that chassis. No wonder his world had come *unglued*!

THERE were unshed tears behind Sybil's lashes as she washed the breakfast dishes after the children had left for school.

She kept thinking of Kenny's train. An ad she had read in the newspaper popped into her mind: "Buy now, pay next year!" Maybe she could talk to Paul about it. But she was sure he would not approve. Paul hated to be in debt, and there were plenty of doctor's and hospital bills to be settled by the first of the year.

She thought about the savings bonds she had bought before she and Paul were married. From the first Paul had refused to touch them, saying that they were hers. She had wanted to share her possessions and had had them made out in his name, too. They were hoarding them for an emergency.

Sybil swished the dishcloth angrily through her detergent suds and mumbled loudly, "If this isn't an emergency I don't know what is!"

Paul, hearing her voice, called out from the living room to know if she'd been talking to him.

She answered laughingly, "To my-

self, darling. Just grumbling through my long, white beard!" Here she was, anxious to become Santa Claus, and she was completely stumped as to how to go about it.

While Paul read, she sat at her desk and got out her budget book and her grocery list. Her pretty forehead was concentrated into a deep frown as she went through her list trying to see if there wasn't some way she could economize.

"We'll have hamburgers and meat loaf every dinner until Christmas," she declared, waving her list.

PAUL looked up from his book and said emphatically: "I like hamburgers. Those meat loaves you dream up are better than roast pheasant."

Sybil laughed. Then she said hesitantly: "Paul, do you mind? . . . I mean . . . will it be all right if I sort of juggle my budget? As long as I can see our way clear, do you mind if I sort of . . . ?"

Paul's grin interrupted her. "You're the banker. I don't mind you shuffling the budget. I trust your good judgment." His eyes were on his book, as he said very quietly: "Sybil, if you're thinking about the children, and Christmas, I love you for it. But no one can buy the real deep-down spirit of Christmas."

Her flush was so fiery that she hid her face as she checked her list. Paul had guessed how she felt, how important it was for her to find her way into the children's hearts. Yet he continued slowly, "I've nothing against giving presents. The Wise Men traveled to Bethlehem to make gifts to their King. But there was a great deal more to their journey

than that. They went carrying gifts which were only the outward glitter for the true meaning of what they carried in their hearts. I know the children are selfish. Perhaps it's my fault. Perhaps I've spoiled them"

She wouldn't let him blame himself. She cried miserably: "It's not your fault, darling. It's mine. I want them to love me. But I don't know how. That's why I want them to have the sort of Christmas they've always had."

Even as she said it, she knew how . . . yes, cheap . . . it sounded, trying to buy love with presents.

Paul shook his head solemnly. "It won't hurt them to go without just this once. Perhaps this will help teach them the true meaning of the season. I have hopes that they know what is right."

"Perhaps . . ." agreed Sybil faintly. But deep inside she couldn't be sure. It wasn't only Christmas, or the lack of gifts that made Paul's children seem selfish, hard, and cold towards her. There was a much deeper reason. Sybil knew until Paul's children wanted her love, even Paul's quiet reasoning couldn't make them give their love to her.

THAT evening when Paul and the children formed their usual close little circle in the living room, Sybil pretended to be very busy in the kitchen. Their voices were faint threads of sound as they talked and talked. She wished fervently that they'd need her, that they'd call her into the room.

But when they finished talking to Paul, all of them went upstairs to bed. Paul told her that he had ex-

plained about her mother and father, and she busied herself with helping him get ready for the night so that he would not see traces of disappointment in her eyes.

"You wouldn't like to change your mind, Sybil?" asked Paul, when she kissed him goodnight, but she shook her head and tried to answer without a quiver.

"Maybe, next Christmas, Paul. I've written mother, and I'm sure she'll understand." She folded a blanket, and said brightly: "I'm going shopping in the morning, Paul. I want to have a good look at that blue frock. I know how disappointed Danielle is about the dance. I'm going to try to copy it." She added with a little smile: "I love to sew."

It had snowed during the night, and when Sybil waved to Paul as she went down the walk, her galoshes left small holes in the snow along the walk. When she came back, her arms were filled with bundles. Paul kissed her, and said: "You look like a kitten who's just eaten the cream."

"Bargains, bargains," she laughed, and her eyes were shining. But she refused to open her packages. "No fair until Christmas." She hurried to the sewing room, and shut herself up with needles, pins, and patterns.

For two days Paul scarcely caught a glimpse of her. He complained a little, but smiled when she told him that the blue dress and several skirts and blouses were under way. There were pajamas for Paul and the boys, and yards and yards of nylon ruffling to be finished on the blue dress.

Somehow, Sybil got everything done. The pies were made. The

turkey was in the refrigerator. She and Kenny had chosen the tree. Not the magnificent pine that Kenny had had his eye on, but a smaller one which had lost all the branches on one side.

"It won't matter, Kenny," she said, seeing his disappointment, "when it's in the bay window."

"It's ugly," said Kenny dully, "but I guess it's the best we can afford this year."

He kicked at a piece of ice, and said under his breath: "I guess Christmas isn't so much, anyways."

It could be, Kenny! Sybil's heart was so full that for a moment she thought she had said the words out loud. But Kenny's sullen, disappointed little face, told her that she had not spoken. She walked silently beside him, feeling her own Christmas crumbling to bits within her heart.

THEY trimmed the tree on Christmas Eve. With Paul's help, for Sybil's Christmas gift had come true. Paul was tall, and well, and strong again. The children were happy. It was like the Christmases they had had before. They scattered tissue and boxes all over the room, and when all the decorations were in place, Kenny stood back and stared at the tree with a critical eye.

"I guess you were right . . . Mother," with that tagging little hesitation, but the smile he gave her was filled with happiness, "it looks all right in the bay."

Sybil had scarcely time to nod, before the doorbell pealed imperatively. It was Paul who urged: "You answer it, Sybil."

Sybil went to the door, and had

a queer feeling that all eyes were on her, that each one of them was waiting for her to turn the knob. When she did and saw her parents, she found herself laughing and crying in a single breath.

"Mother! Dad!" She hugged them. Kissed them. Then put out her hand to Paul, asking a breathless question: "How . . . ?"

Kenny explained, excitedly. "We put all the money from our piggy banks . . ."

"Into one pile . . ." that was El-na, just as excitedly.

"And sent for them." Dan was just as excited, but not quite so shrill.

"Because you were trying to make a nice Christmas for us, Mother," finished Danielle eagerly.

Sybil was glad that Paul's arm was tight about her slim waist. Why, she needn't have worried about Paul's children. They had seen the true meaning of Christmas much plainer than she had. Sybil's eyes were clear and shining blue as they reached out to encompass everyone in the room. The glow in her heart was a steady blaze.

"Merry Christmas, darling," she said, meeting Paul's proud glance. Dan had turned on the tree, and it shone with a soft, beautiful radiance over all the room, as Sybil watched the children getting acquainted with their grandmother and grandfather.

Why, she thought, we're a real family now, and knew, deep in her soul, that fears and doubts had fled. From that minute on, she belonged. The children had given her love for Christmas.

Vegetables - A Different Way Every Day

PART II

Rhea H. Gardner

Extension Service Home Management and Furnishings Specialist
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FEW foods are more pleasing to the taste or more appealing to the eye than are garden-fresh or fresh frozen vegetables cooked just right and seasoned just enough to bring out the good, sweet natural flavors. However, the serving of three vegetables every day, does call for variety in both selection and methods of preparation, if there is to be no monotony.

Here are just a few recipes to start you thinking up new and interesting ways to prepare vegetables for your family.

LIMA BEAN CASSEROLE

- | | |
|---|-------------------------------------|
| 2 ½ cups lima beans, home-cooked
or canned | 1 tablespoon butter or drippings |
| 1 tablespoon brown sugar | 1 tablespoon flour |
| ½ teaspoon pepper | ½ teaspoon salt |
| 2 teaspoons lemon juice | 2 teaspoons dry mustard |
| ¼ cup cheese, grated | ½ cup buttered crumbs |
| | 4 or 5 bacon strips or frankfurters |

Place drained lima beans in a casserole. Save liquid. Heat butter or drippings over low heat; add flour and stir until well blended. Slowly add ½ cup liquid from the beans, stirring until smooth; cook over low heat until thickened. Add brown sugar, salt, pepper, mustard, and lemon juice. Pour sauce over lima beans; sprinkle with buttered crumbs and grated cheese. Place strips of bacon or frankfurters on top. Bake in a moderate oven (375°F) 25 to 35 minutes or until lightly browned.

VEGETABLE SOUFFLE

Vegetable souffle is an excellent way to use left-over vegetables. It needs only a crisp salad as an accompaniment. To make a serving for six, you will need:

- | | |
|--------------------------|----------------------------|
| 1 cup cooked vegetables | 2 teaspoons grated onion |
| 1 cup thick white sauce* | 4 eggs separated |
| 1 tablespoon lemon juice | ¼ teaspoon cream of tartar |

Finely chop or sieve the vegetable. To the white sauce add the prepared vegetable, lemon juice, grated onion, and beaten egg yolks. Cool.

Beat egg whites until frothy; add cream of tartar and beat until stiff but not dry. Fold into the above mixture.

Put into a casserole that has been coated with a light film of melted butter. Bake in a moderate oven (325°F) about one hour.

Carrots, spinach, peas, green beans, or corn are delicious in souffles.

The use of sauces on vegetables can create new interest and appetite appeal in vegetable dishes. Here are a few sauces that help to make good vegetables better. Each makes four average servings.

1. Cream sauce base: To 1 cup of medium thick white sauce add:
 - a. Three or 4 tablespoons horseradish, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, and ½ teaspoon paprika. Fold into sauce and serve hot over string beans, asparagus, cabbage, or cauliflower.
 - b. One cup grated cheese and ½ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce. Mix with sauce

*Recipe page 59.

- until cheese is all melted. Serve at once over spinach, string beans, cauliflower, or asparagus.
- c. Two chopped hard-cooked eggs and 1 tablespoon chopped parsley. If desired, add 1 teaspoon dry mustard. Serve over broccoli, spinach, asparagus, or string beans.
 2. *Easy Hollandaise Sauce:* Cut $\frac{1}{4}$ pound butter in small pieces. Put in top part of double boiler with 3 egg yolks and 3 tablespoons lemon juice. Let stand at room temperature for one-half hour. Just before serving, place over gently boiling water for $1\frac{1}{2}$ minutes, stirring briskly. Serve over freshly cooked asparagus, carrots, broccoli, or cauliflower.
 3. *Almond Butter Sauce:* Melt $\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter in a heavy pan and heat carefully to a golden brown. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup toasted almonds slivered and 3 tablespoons lemon juice. Pour over hot broccoli, cauliflower, or string beans and serve at once.



Reba Turner, Lady of Charity

REBA Turner, Loa, Utah, sixty-nine years old, is never idle. She works for anyone who asks her, and has never taken a penny for any of it. People ask her to work on gifts for their loved ones, and although she will never see some of the recipients, she freely gives of her time and talents. She seems always to know of someone who would like something really lovely, so she makes gifts for all occasions and for no particular occasion—just gifts. She has made seventy-five doilies, hundreds of handkerchiefs, many lovely quilts, dozens of embroidered towels. During the second world war she knitted hundreds of pairs of socks and made many good warm sweaters.

Sister Turner has served as an executive officer in the Primary Association, as a Sunday School teacher, a ward president in Relief Society for six years, and has been a visiting teacher for forty years, a service which she still enjoys. She has three living children, ten grandchildren, and nine great-grandchildren. In commenting upon the charity and love which are so much a part of all that Sister Turner accomplishes, her friend Mrs. Nell Ekker characterizes her as a most exemplary Relief Society woman: "When I think of charity or Relief Society, I think of Sister Reba Turner. Perhaps her many years of association with this fine organization have interwoven love and thoughtfulness and service into her being until she is indeed a part of all that Relief Society work symbolizes."

Hermanas

CHAPTER 7

Fay Tarlock

Synopsis: The story "Hermanas" (sisters) is narrated by an American woman living temporarily in Mexico. She has befriended Lolita, a widow, and her lovely daughter Graciela. At Church Graciela meets Jim Flores, studying to be a doctor, and the two become deeply in love. Graciela, after attending secretarial school, obtains a position with a banker, and meets a wealthy Mexican, Senor Munoz, who becomes interested in her. Lolita consents to the arrangements for a marriage between her daughter and Senor Munoz. The American Senora visits Lolita and asks for an explanation, but she fears that she has pleaded for Graciela in vain. Jim tries to see Graciela, but his efforts are useless, and he plans to leave Mexico. The American Senora asks Lolita and her daughter to come to her home on a matter of great importance.

GRACIELA'S dark liquid eyes begged me to believe she had no other plans, but I kept my attention on the mother.

"You did not know, perhaps, that he came to me this afternoon to say goodbye. He is leaving Mexico."

There were two startled gasps in the room. "He feels that everything he had in Mexico is lost to him and he is adrift in the world."

Graciela came swiftly to my side and grasped my arm. "It is not true. What you are saying?"

Solemnly I nodded.

With a protective gesture, Lolita moved to her daughter. "I did not know it would affect him so, believe me," she said, her voice gentle with love. "But," and hardness came into her voice again, "he is young, he will recover."

"That I do not know," I answered Lolita. "I only know what

I have seen." I stepped back, my eyes holding Lolita's. "Since I have seen Jim Flores, I feel there is one thing more I must know, and you must answer me before this child." I made my voice ring out.

"She is," I pointed a finger at Graciela, "in your words, a woman grown. Did she have any choice in this decision to cast aside her affianced one, and her hope for a different life in her new religion, for you have tied the two in one knot?" Pitching my voice higher, for I knew now that I had touched something in Lolita's tight defense, I asked, "Did she choose this man whose hands are full of gold, but whose back is weary with the burden of the years? Did she?" With head thrown back, I defied Lolita to answer.

There was no sound in the room save that of our labored breathing. The three of us waited in the dim light. Graciela acted first. She looked at her mother as if she were a stranger, seen for the first time. When Lolita refused her gaze, the girl jerked off the fragile black scarf and in an unexpected burst of passion, twisted the lace in her hands until it frayed and pulled in two. I watched the girl's eyes blaze, her cheeks go high with color.

"No!" she fairly shouted. "I was not asked. I did it because she, my mother, said I must!" Then she threw the lace fragments at her mother's feet.

Lolita, horror and fear marking her face, stooped to pick them up.

"No!" Graciela commanded her. "Let them lie. Never again will I wear a black scarf."

I think I caught the purport of her declaration even quicker than her mother did, and a wave of happiness and warmth surged through me. Why, I told myself, I should never have doubted this girl's strength. So it was I who stooped and picked up the tortured fragments of lace.

Holding them in front of me for Graciela to note, I asked, "Are you sure you have the strength of will to keep the promise you have just made yourself?"

"Yes," the girl's voice was firm. "I will keep that promise."

Lolita stood as if rooted to the floor, a growing look of fear on her face, and, even now, I would have dealt with her compassionately, if I had not felt more compassion for her daughter.

"It is as I thought," I said, keeping my role as judge. "You did not consider her. You thought yourself wise enough to decide all things. Do you still feel that you are?"

Slowly Lolita raised her eyes to mine. The fear and indecision pulled at me, but I hardened myself again. From me she turned to the girl, rebellious for the first time.

"I did it for you," she said, her voice thick and dry. "It was a wonderful thing he offered you. I thought it best, you understand?"

"How could you think money piled on money to be what I want. I want only my right to believe and my Jaime." She picked the tattered scarf from my hands and tossed it on the table near her in a last ges-

ture of defiance. "I want my Jaime," and she began to sob.

"You see," I said to Lolita, "she is exhausted by the ordeal of these long weeks." And I, too, felt weary and the warmth gone from me. I would have comforted the girl and told her she had done well, but that was the mother's right. I looked at her, my eyes saying, "Now you must act."

"Where can I find this joven?" Lolita raised her tired shoulders, and there was the beginning of light in her face.

Silently I pointed to the telephone and to the pad beside it, where I had written Jim's number earlier in the evening.

Graciela's sobs did not stop — not until she heard Jim's voice, clear in the quiet room.

WAITING in the night, we were a strange trio. Lolita sat on the brown leather couch beside her daughter, who sat there with a look that was almost the bliss of heaven, now that her decision was made and Jim was on his way.

Upstairs I heard one of the children murmur, and I excused myself. When I came back we heard the honk of a taxi and the bell's shrill clamor. Amporo, whose nose must have been in the kitchen door, came running through the living room to admit Jim.

Worn and puzzled, he came to us. This time, however, his clothes were neat, and there was a look in his eyes that could easily be turned into hope. Graciela's eyes leaped to meet him, and he responded to the gladness in her, but she did not stir,

and quietly he pulled a chair next to mine, his questioning face turned towards the three of us. I nodded to Lolita. The responsibility was hers.

I knew her enigma, but I could not help. She clutched at the lace scarf, still knotted about her throat, and the touch of it was like the answer to her disturbances. Silently she undid the scarf, rose, and placed it side by side with Graciela's torn one.

Jim watched, more puzzled than ever, and I thought Graciela's joy would burst through her skin, she was struggling so hard to contain herself. Calm now, Lolita returned to her seat on the couch.

"Today," she told him, "when I came to you I was wrong. I did not ask my heart, only my head. If you will help me, we will forget all that was said."

A complex person, this little serving woman. Many things had changed in her while she sat so passive on the couch.

Jim was equal to the moment. Gravely he rose and crossed to her, his hand extended. "I will be grateful to you all the days of my life," he said sitting beside her. The words made a bond between them. Then he turned toward Graciela, his eyes warm with love.

I rose and beckoned Lolita to follow me. These lovers, who had never been completely alone since the spring morning they met in the shadow of the chapel, deserved their hour of privacy.

In the kitchen, Amporo was sitting in the harsh light of the naked bulb, her head, with its dark braids resting on the table. Awkwardly she

arose, her eyes opaque with sleep, and pulled out two more straight-backed chairs from against the whitewashed wall.

Lolita sat uncomfortably in her chair. I was eager for the explanation she was preparing herself to make, but I wanted it to come in her own way, and I knew she must be hungry.

"Let's have a piece of cake and something to drink. It won't take the place of the supper you missed, but it will help." I nodded to Amporo.

Happy to be once more part of the eventful evening, Amporo brought the cake and removed the wax paper. In my unrest this morning, I had used my dwindling supply of raisins and nuts from home. There is, I had early discovered, a certain national quality in the sweet confections of Mexico, and my cake was purely foreign.

When Lolita had eaten a few bites, her face lighted eagerly, and she ate until the last crumb was gone. With the taste lingering in her mouth, she leaned forward, studying the cake, unable to analyze its ingredients. Amporo offered her another piece to eat with her glass of limonade, but she denied herself.

"Would it be possible, Senora," she asked, her eyes still on the cake, "to have such a cake for the wedding?"

If there was hysteria in my laughter it was because of the unexpectedness of the request coming after the tension of the evening. Amporo shared my amusement. In a moment the three of us were laughing

without restraint, the innocent cake before us.

"Pues," I picked up a crumb that had fallen on the table. "I think it can be done. When will you want it?" I was truly curious.

LOLITA beamed. "That will depend upon the *novio*, of course, but I have been doing much thinking, and I am of the opinion that the young people need not wait. I only ask that my daughter have a wedding worthy of her." She moved uneasily in her chair. "Before we speak of weddings, there is something I must say to you."

"I am waiting."

"Senora, I must tell you tonight a burden is gone from me. I had not realized it myself until I made the telephone call, but I did not altogether act with unselfishness — as I pretended to myself. Oh, I thought I did everything for my daughter's sake, believe me, I thought it would be best for her, that in the years to come she would be grateful. Now I know that I was thinking more of myself . . . and that I denied the truth that had come to me."

Hot tears stung my eyelids. It was not in me to blame her because she wanted a soft bed, the assurance of daily food, the luxury of an American dress. The security of things she could caress with her eyes and hold in her hands meant much to one who had lived in the twilight of bondage. What she had not understood was the fact that she was placing herself in another kind of bondage, perhaps more fretting than her earlier chains.

And there was enough of the

child left in her to want the traditional wedding of her people. I patted her hand. "You feel there should be a wedding festival?"

"If you're discussing weddings, we are two interested parties."

Startled, we looked up to see Jim and Graciela standing in the archway. Jim's arm was possessively around his girl; their happiness was as warming as a fire.

"Lolita has just said she would like my nut cake for the wedding, which means it must be soon for my supply is almost gone," I said looking at Jim. His expression was not all I had expected.

Graciela, from the protection of his arm, smiled up at him. "You will believe me now, my Jaime, there is no reason why we should not be married very quickly." With her slender fingers she smoothed the deep furrow in his brow. "He," she said including us all in her happiness, "is already a *viejo*—worrying for fear my mother will delay us, worrying he won't have time to fix the house in San Angel. See, his wrinkles will not rub away." She removed her fingers to show us the furrow persisted.

"I think a toast of limonade, supplemented with a piece of cake, would be appropriate before we get into further discussion." I reached for the cake and signalled for Amporo to fill the pitcher.

"I could go for that," Jim said, "I don't think I've eaten today."

Picking up the cake, I led them to the larger table in the dining room. Amporo followed with the limonade and large bowls of corn flakes and milk, over which she lavishly sprinkled banana slices. The

national supper of the people, I thought.

NOT until Jim had settled back in contentment, Graciela's hand modestly in his, did I ask about his wedding doubts.

"For one thing," Jim said reluctantly, "there's the old house in San Angel. It isn't safe to live in, and it would take a lot of time and money to get even the necessary three rooms livable.

Troubled, Graciela withdrew her hand. "You must remember, Jaime," she said softly, "We have been living there for some time."

He was a little taken back. "I know," he said, "but things are different now." Taking both her hands, he looked at me for support. "The floors are so rotten, it's a wonder none of you have fallen through. And the plumbing!" He glared at the polished mahogany of the table. "I don't imagine it's been changed since the days of the viceroys."

"A sanitario was installed the year before I went to work for the Urbinas," Lolita said with hurt dignity.

Jim winked at me, his face straight. "There's running water, too, all cold. And have you seen the sink? It looks like something Cortez dreamed up for the whole army to use. And that brick masterpiece that takes up half the kitchen was used to cook the first meal, centuries ago."

"I have a right to live in the house as long as I desire." Lolita was firm.

Designed to be a peacemaker, Graciela drew them together with her loving glance. To Jim she said, "It is not as bad as you say. We live there and are healthy. Before long

I shall have money saved, then we can make the repairs you think necessary. But we do not wait for those, do we?"

"I guess we'll sleep over it, anyway." Jim smiled at his two women.

I was willing to give Jim my support. "We've decided enough for one night." I pushed my chair back and stood a little apart, surveying them. Then quite unexpectedly I heard myself saying, "You want to be married soon, don't you, Jim?"

"What do you think?" His lips touched the burnished roll of Graciela's pompadour.

There was a puzzling look on Lolita's face as she watched them. Looking at me as if for permission to speak, she rose and stood beside me. "I am the eldest, you would do well to listen to me." All of us turned our eyes on her. "The time for you to be married is now — very soon, I mean. It will help to forget the sorrow of these past few weeks and the two of you can go about your work, not waste time dreaming. Is that not right, Senora?"

Emphatically I nodded, glad for her wisdom.

"And, in addition," the color rose in her face, "the Senor Munoz is away from Mexico for a short time. I do not anticipate trouble . . ." she stopped Jim's protest with a gesture of her hands. "As I say, there will be no trouble, and I, myself, will go to him immediately on his return, but it will be better, if the marriage is accomplished." A sweet smile lighted her eyes. "I ask only that there be a wedding worthy of my daughter."

(To be concluded)

Biographical Sketches of Award Winners in the Eliza R. Snow Poem Contest

Maryhale Woolsey is well known to readers of *The Relief Society Magazine*. Her poems, stories, and articles have appeared in the Magazine since 1925. She has also contributed to other Church publications and to many national magazines. Her songs and operettas have received wide recognition, the most famous song being "Springtime in the Rockies," which has been acclaimed an American folk lore classic. Until recent years Mrs. Woolsey has "sandwiched" her writing between work as an advertising copy-writer and newspaper reporter and caring for four daughters who now have homes and families of their own. Mrs. Woolsey has eleven grandchildren.

For the past several years Mrs. Woolsey has been active in civic and community projects in Salt Lake City. She is a member of the League of Utah Writers, the Utah Poetry Society, the Art Barn Poets, and other writers' organizations. Also she is a member of the American Society of Composers, Authors, and Publishers. She was chairman in 1953 of the central committee in charge of publishing the third volume of *Utah Sings*. Now devoting most of her time and energy to writing, Mrs. Woolsey is in New York City doing research work for a long-planned book and continuing various other writing projects.

Beatrice Knowlton Ekman was born on the Knowlton Ranch in Skull Valley, Tooele County, Utah, the daughter of J. Quincy Knowlton and Ellen Smith. After her father's death, Beatrice moved with her mother and the other children to Kaysville, where her maternal grandparents resided.

She attended the University of Utah, where she met John A. Ekman. They were married in 1896, and made their home in Salt Lake City. Here their three children were born—Milton Woodruff, Catherine, and John A. Young John died soon after returning home from the Navy in the first world war. Beatrice and her husband lived for thirty years in the home at "C" Street and Eighth Avenue, where Mr. Ekman was born. When they sold the old home to the Latter-day Saints Hospital, they moved to Portland, Oregon, to be near their two children. Since Mr. Ekman died in 1947, Mrs. Ekman has made her home with her daughter, Catherine Renstrom Pitkin.

Mrs. Ekman has written poetry since childhood, and for the last forty years has published many poems and some stories and articles, mostly in Latter-day Saint Church publications. She is represented in *Utah Sings*, *Our Legacy*, *Of Stone and Star*, *Poets of the Pacific*, and other anthologies. She loves to visit her beloved Utah and the beautiful mountains of her homeland.

Ruth C. Langlois, Salt Lake City, Utah, is a newcomer among the award winners in the Eliza R. Snow Poem Contests. She writes: "I am strictly in the amateur class as a writer. Most of my efforts have been confined to road shows, birthday greetings, commemorating ward affairs, and the like. Writing, however, has been more or less of a hobby, and I have written for the satisfaction of the activity, but have never attempted to have any of my efforts published. When I was a Junior in M.I.A. I won first place in a district story contest and *The Relief Society Magazine* published the story.

"Between that contribution and this, my life has been very full — a wonderful husband (C. Vernon Langlois), four sons and a daughter; P.T.A. and M.I.A. — it's a very busy and satisfying life. I've always kept busy in Church work, mostly in M.I.A., in which I am now a counselor in Wells Stake.

"Reed, the oldest of the children, is a graduate of Brigham Young University and is at present a lieutenant in the Navy; Sharon is attending the Brigham Young University; Larry is in high school; and Tommy achieved fourth grade this year. Bob and his wife Shirley made me a grandmother this fall!"



LESSON DEPARTMENT

Theology—Characters and Teachings of The Book of Mormon

Lesson 39—Signs of the Crucifixion; the Voice of Jesus Christ Is Heard

Elder Leland H. Monson

(TEXT: The Book of Mormon: 3 Nephi, chapters 8-10)

For Tuesday, April 3, 1956

Objective: To learn of the prophecies concerning the crucifixion and their fulfillment.

BY thirty-four A.D. people began to look for the fulfillment of the prophecy of Samuel the Lamanite relating to the crucifixion of Jesus Christ on the Eastern Hemisphere. Samuel had said:

... behold, in that day that he shall suffer death the sun shall be darkened and refuse to give his light unto you; and also the moon and the stars; and there shall be no light upon the face of this land, even from the time that he shall suffer death, for the space of three days, to the time that he shall rise again from the dead. Yea, at the time that he shall yield up the ghost there shall be thunderings and lightnings for the space of many hours, and the earth shall shake and tremble; and the rocks which are upon the face of this earth, which are both above the earth and beneath, which ye know at this time are solid, or the more part of it is one solid mass, shall be broken up (Helaman 14:20-21; see also verses 22-29).

Fulfillment of Prophecy of Destruction

In thirty-four A.D., this remarkable prophecy had its literal fulfillment. Mormon, recording the event, wrote:

And it came to pass in the thirty and fourth year, in the first month, on the fourth day of the month, there arose a great storm, such an one as never had been known in all the land. And there was also a great and terrible tempest; and there was terrible thunder, insomuch that it did shake the whole earth as if it was about to divide asunder. And there were exceeding sharp lightnings, such as never had been known in all the land (3 Nephi 8:5-7).

Mormon then details the nature of the destruction:

And there was a great and terrible destruction in the land southward. But . . .

there was a more great and terrible destruction in the land northward; for behold, the whole face of the land was changed, because of the tempest and the whirlwinds, and the thunders and the lightnings, and the exceeding great quaking of the whole earth; And the highways were broken up, and the level roads were spoiled, and many smooth places became rough. And many great and notable cities were sunk, and many were burned, and many were shaken till the buildings thereof had fallen to the earth, and the inhabitants thereof were slain, and the places were left desolate (3 Nephi 8:11-14).

Zarahemla was gutted by fire, the city of Moroni sank into the sea, and Moronihah was buried beneath a mountain. And these are only examples of what happened to many others.

After this destruction "thick darkness" settled over the land, so thick that the people whose lives were spared could "... feel the vapor of darkness" (3 Nephi 8:20). In fact, it was impossible to light candles or torches.

... neither could there be fire kindled with their fine and exceedingly dry wood, so that there could not be any light at all; And there was not any light seen, neither fire, nor glimmer, neither the sun, nor the moon, nor the stars, for so great were the mists of darkness which were upon the face of the land (3 Nephi 8:21-22).

Lamentations of Survivors

Survivors of the destruction lamented that they had not heeded the prophets.

And in one place they were heard to cry, saying: O that we had repented before this great and terrible day, and then would our brethren have been spared, and they would not have been burned in that great city Zarahemla (3 Nephi 8:24).

The Voice of Jesus Christ Amidst these lamentations:

... there was a voice heard among all the inhabitants of the earth, upon all the face of this land, crying: Wo, wo, wo unto this people; wo unto the inhabitants of the whole earth except they shall repent; for the devil laugheth, and his angels rejoice, because of the slain of the fair sons and daughters of my people; and it is because of their iniquity and abominations that they are fallen! (3 Nephi 9:1-2).

And many great destructions have I caused to come upon this land, and upon this people, because of their wickedness and their abominations.

O all ye that are spared because ye were more righteous than they, will ye not now return unto me, and repent of your sins, and be converted, that I may heal you?

Yea, verily I say unto you, if ye will come unto me ye shall have eternal life. Behold, mine arm of mercy is extended towards you, and whosoever will come, him will I receive; and blessed are those who come unto me.

Behold, I am Jesus Christ the Son of God. I created the heavens and the earth, and all things that in them are. I was with the Father from the beginning. I am in the Father, and the Father in me; and in me hath the Father glorified his name.

I came unto my own, and my own received me not. And the scriptures concerning my coming are fulfilled.

And as many as have received me, to them have I given to become the sons of God; and even so will I to as many as shall believe on my name, for behold, by me redemption cometh, and in me is the law of Moses fulfilled.

I am the light and the life of the world. I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end.

And ye shall offer up unto me no more the shedding of blood; yea, your sacrifices and your burnt offerings shall be done away, for I will accept none of your sacrifices and your burnt offerings.

And ye shall offer for a sacrifice unto me a broken heart and a contrite spirit. And whoso cometh unto me with a broken heart and a contrite spirit, him will I baptize with fire and with the Holy Ghost, even as the Lamanites, because of their faith in me at the time of their conversion, were baptized with fire and with the Holy Ghost, and they knew it not.

Behold, I have come unto the world to bring redemption unto the world, to save the world from sin.

Therefore, whoso repenteth and cometh unto me as a little child, him will I receive, for of such is the kingdom of God. Behold, for such I have laid down my life, and have taken it up again; therefore repent, and come unto me ye ends of the earth, and be saved (3 Nephi 9:12-22).

After these sayings there was silence in the land for many hours. Then the voice of Jesus was heard again, telling them that he had often wanted to gather this branch of the house of Israel together as a hen gathers her chickens, but they would not permit it. This instruction was followed by more weeping and howling over the loss of their kindred and friends.

Then it was that the three-day period was ended, and darkness dispersed from off the land, and the destruction ceased.

Appearance of Christ to Nephites

It was only the more righteous of the people who remained to rejoice over the appearance of the Son of God, only those who had received the prophets:

And the earth did cleave together again, that it stood; and the mourning, and the weeping, and the wailing of the people who were spared alive did cease; and their mourning was turned into joy, and their lamentations into the praise and thanksgiving unto the Lord Jesus Christ, their Redeemer (3 Nephi 10:10).

Mormon cautions the reader of the account to read with understanding:

And now, whoso readeth, let him understand; he that hath the scriptures, let him search them, and see and behold if all these deaths and destructions by fire, and by smoke, and by tempests, and by whirlwinds, and by the opening of the earth to receive them, and all these things are not unto the fulfilling of the prophecies of many of the holy prophets.

Behold, I say unto you, Yea, many have testified of these things at the coming of Christ, and were slain because they testified of these things.

Yea, the prophet Zenos did testify of these things, and also Zenock spake concerning these things, because they testified particularly concerning us, who are the remnant of their seed.

Behold, our father Jacob also testified concerning a remnant of the seed of Joseph. And behold, are not we a remnant of the seed of Joseph? And these things which testify of us, are they not written upon the plates of brass which our father Lehi brought out of Jerusalem? (3 Nephi 10:14-17).

Thus we see the literal fulfillment of the prophecies concerning the destructions which were to accompany the crucifixion of Christ. We see the glorious appearance of the Christ on the Western Hemisphere. Nephi became an active participant as one of the twelve disciples of Christ in helping to establish a period of freedom and security, of happiness and serenity.

Mormon does not unfold this portion of his record to us without showing how the Lord blessed those who had survived, saying:

And it came to pass that in the ending of the thirty and fourth year, behold, I will show unto you that the people of Nephi who were spared, and also those

who had been called Lamanites, who had been spared, did have great favors shown unto them, and great blessings poured out upon their heads, insomuch that soon after the ascension of Christ into heaven he did truly manifest himself unto them—Showing his body unto them, and ministering unto them; and an account of his ministry shall be given hereafter. Therefore for this time I make an end of my sayings (3 Nephi 10:18-19).

Questions and Topics for Discussion

1. What were the signs of the crucifixion?
2. What early prophecies were fulfilled by these signs and events which followed?
3. How is God's mercy shown in his dealings with these surviving Nephites?
4. To what did Mormon, the Nephite historian, attribute all this destruction?

Visiting Teacher Messages

Book of Mormon Gems of Truth

Lesson 39—"But Behold, the Resurrection of Christ Redeemeth Mankind, Yea, Even All Mankind, and Bringeth Them Back Into the Presence of the Lord" (Helaman 14:17).

Edith S. Elliott

For Tuesday, April 3, 1956

Objective: To show that Christ broke the bonds of death and all men will be resurrected.

EASTER time is accepted throughout the realm of Christianity as a time of rejoicing because it is the anniversary of the resurrection of Christ, the last act needed to complete his mission on earth. In his few years of mortal life he taught the plan of salvation, experienced death, then immortality. His whole life was one of example, proving to mortals that the plan is sound and workable.

Some may say, "Well, he knew the plan, he knew that he was the Son of God and the Savior of the world." Yes, he knew, and knowing it, has shared every phase of the plan with us. He outlined the way back to God's presence so clearly that anyone sincerely desiring salvation can follow. In John 11:25-26 is the summary of his plan and his promise.

... I am the resurrection, and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: And whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die

A careful analysis of the above quotation will prove the profundity of the statement. To know that this life is not the end of our activity is most rewarding. It challenges us to make our every act one that is acceptable to our Heavenly Father. We have our free agency and are not coerced, so think how great can be our blessing if we choose to follow the example of Jesus!

There should be no doubt about a life hereafter. We find its evidence in scripture and modern revelation. The loving concern of our Heavenly Father for his children proves without a doubt that his plan is to return them to his kingdom as sanctified, resurrected beings.

The prophet Alma tells us:

... the resurrection of the dead bringeth back men into the presence of God;

and thus they are restored into his presence, to be judged according to their works, according to the law and justice (Alma 42:23).

Work Meeting—Food Preparation and Service

(A Course Recommended for Use by Wards and Branches at Work Meeting)

Lesson 7—Vegetable Cookery (Continued)

Rhea H. Gardner

For Tuesday, April 10, 1956

FEW foods are more delicious than are properly cooked, garden-fresh vegetables. Very little seasoning is needed to make them appealing to both the eye and the taste.

Sauces, buttered crumbs, and other seasonings are too often used to camouflage poor quality or improperly cooked vegetables. Good cooking is essential if you wish to have a truly delicious, nutritious, and eye-appealing vegetable dish to serve your family.

Cabbage

Cabbage is one of our good, comparatively inexpensive, year-round vegetables. There are many ways to prepare it, but one of the most popular is to cook it in milk. Put six cups of shredded cabbage and one cup whole or top milk into a heavy pan. Simmer for two minutes. While it is cooking, cream together two teaspoons each of butter and flour and one-half teaspoon salt. Add to cabbage, stirring until thickening is well distributed. Cook three or four minutes longer. Serve immediately. For added flavor,

grate cheese over it just before placing it on the table. Red cabbage does not stay red during cooking unless acid is added to the cooking water in the form of vinegar, lemon juice, or fresh, tart apples.

Carrots

Carrots are one of our best and least expensive year-round vegetables. They are colorful and fairly bursting with body-building materials. Serve them often, but in a variety of ways.

Carrots cooked in a minimum amount of water, either whole, cut in strips, diced, or shredded are delicious seasoned with a sauce made of melted butter, lemon juice, and minced parsley. Pour the sauce over the carrots just before serving. The bright green color of the parsley is an appealing contrast to the deep orange of the carrots.

If you have never served braised carrots or celery, do so soon. Cut the vegetables into three to four-inch lengths. For each quart of vegetables, melt two tablespoons butter in a heavy pan. Add the vegetable and cook over low heat in

a covered pan for about ten minutes. In the meantime, dissolve a bouillon cube in one-half cup hot water. Pour over the vegetable. Continue cooking until the vegetable is tender and the stock is reduced in volume so it serves as a sauce.

Carrots are delicious cooked with cabbage. Put two cups shredded carrots, one teaspoon salt, and one cup boiling water in a pan with a close fitting lid. Cook about ten minutes or until partly tender. Add three cups shredded cabbage and simmer, uncovered for ten minutes. Add two tablespoons butter, and pepper, if desired, and cook about five minutes longer. Carrots and turnips are also delicious cooked together, mashed, and seasoned with butter, salt, and pepper. Carrots combine well in creamed and scalloped dishes, as do most other vegetables.

Sauces for Vegetables

For creamed dishes the sauce should give the appearance of being a dressing on the food, therefore, less sauce than food should be used. More pleasing results are obtained if the sauce is poured over the hot vegetable rather than have the vegetable stirred into the sauce.

White sauce is the basis for all creamed dishes. It is important that it be the right consistency for the use intended.

WHITE SAUCE

	Thin	Medium	Thick
Butter	3 Tbs.	4 Tbs.	6 Tbs.
Flour	2 Tbs.	4 Tbs.	8 Tbs.
Salt	1 tsp.	1 tsp.	1 tsp.
Pepper	¼ tsp.	¼ tsp.	½ tsp.
Milk	2 cups	2 cups	2 cups

Mix butter and flour in pan over low heat. When butter is melted, add all of the milk at once and stir until mixture is thick and smooth. Add seasonings.

Scalloped Vegetables

For scalloped vegetable dishes use one half to one cup of medium white sauce for each cup of cooked vegetables. Put alternating layers of vegetables and sauce into a baking dish, then cover with a layer of buttered crumbs. Place in a moderate hot oven until the food is piping hot and the crumbs are delicately browned. Grated cheese, either cheddar or Swiss, minced onion, or parsley may be added to the sauce, or the grated cheese may be sprinkled over the top about a minute before the dish is removed from the oven.

Vegetable Souffles

Vegetable souffle dishes are favorites in many homes. A souffle is an excellent way to use leftover vegetables, such as carrots, green beans, peas, corn, and spinach. This basis of a souffle is a thick white sauce. Mix equal parts of vegetables and white sauce. Add from two to four well-beaten egg yolks for each cupful of sauce. Fold mixture carefully into the beaten egg whites. Turn into a well-oiled baking dish. Place the dish in a larger container of hot water. Bake in a moderate (350°F) oven until mixture is firm and delicately browned on top. A vegetable souffle served with a crisp salad and a light dessert makes a complete meal.

Variations of White Sauce

There are a variety of sauces using medium white sauce as a basis that

may be served over vegetables to enhance their natural flavor. Mock *Hollandaise* sauce is delicious served over broccoli, asparagus, and cauliflower. Cheese sauces add food value and complement the flavors of spinach, cabbage, cauliflower, and beans. Egg sauce and horseradish sauce are others that add interest and delightful flavors to many vegetables. For exact amounts of ingredients to add to the white sauce for the particular sauce you desire, see any reliable cook book.

Dress up your vegetables for variety's sake occasionally, but don't make a regular practice of it. Learn to know and appreciate the true,

natural flavor of good vegetables, cooked well, and seasoned with butter and a little salt.

Get out of the rut of serving the same vegetable over and over. There is such a variety for selection in our markets. Let it be a challenge to try out new ones as well as new methods of cooking them.

Suggestions for the Class Leader

1. Demonstrate the preparation of one or more unusual vegetable dishes or bring to the class some you have previously prepared.

2. List vegetables that are not commonly used which might be enjoyed by our families.

Note the supplementary material to this lesson in the article "Vegetables—A Different Way Every Day. Part II" by Rhea H. Gardner, on page 46 of this issue of *The Relief Society Magazine*.

Literature—The Literature of England

Lesson 55—Thomas Hardy (1840-1928) "The Return of the Native"

Elder Briant S. Jacobs

(Textbook: *The Literature of England*, II, Woods, Watt, Anderson, pp. 918-926)

For Tuesday, April 17, 1956

Objective: To achieve greater insight into the world of Thomas Hardy by studying briefly his life, some of his poems, and one of his great novels (*The Return of the Native*).

THOMAS Hardy is one of the Titans of English Literature. He wrote fourteen novels and more than nine hundred poems. Because of such productivity Hardy can be known completely only by the scholar. Even when we select rigorously from his best works, it is most difficult within our small time span to choose that which represents fairly his basic excellences.

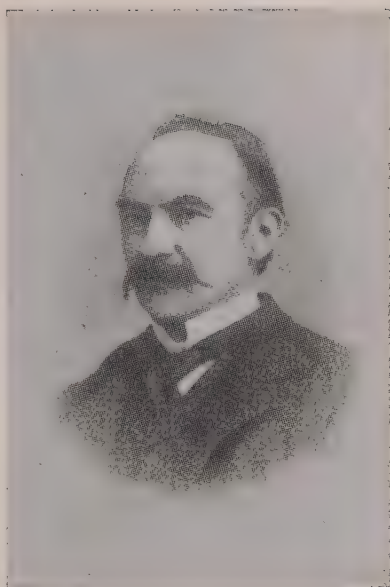
Hardy's Life

Hardy was born in Dorsetshire, a rural county bordering England's southern seacoast, which was to become the Wessex of his poems and the Egdon Heath of *The Return of the Native*. His father, a carpenter and mason, gave his son hardly more formal education than the three R's, but he made up for it by breaking him to the hard tasks of

the building trades. At nights father and son rushed off to furnish music for weddings, christenings, and rural parties, Hardy playing the fiddle. Sundays they played in the local church. Thus Hardy's formative years were shaped by no literary or artificial force; instead, he knew at first hand the very texture of common people. Throughout his more than fifty years of productivity this region furnished the artist Hardy with most of his tools: scene, language, characters. Likewise, his mood and theme, while more nearly his own, also echo this region's isolated somberness. Thus all the true roots within the essential Hardy grew deep into his home soil and the common rural people it nurtured.

The Lost Youth

Young Hardy had long dreamed of becoming a minister. His natural, boyish optimism was as pure and unbounded as Shelley's. As a youth he taught Sunday School and was active in the Anglican Church. When at the age of sixteen he was apprenticed to a church architect in nearby Dorchester, for the first time he had leisure to read. Soon he was studying each night after work from six until midnight. Throughout the next decade he still planned on entering the ministry, but increasingly he wavered between faith and doubt. Soon after he turned twenty-five Hardy realized, after close self-examination, "that he could hardly take the step with honor," since, to his intense pain, he no longer found it possible to believe, desperately as he longed to (see his moving, simple poem, "The Oxen," text, page 926).



A Perry Picture

THOMAS HARDY

(1840-1928)

When we are tempted to blame the young Hardy for seeing the universe as being indifferently managed, then, in fairness and understanding, we must recall how desperately Hardy wished his view of reality could be otherwise, how devoutly he coveted a faith which he could not know. Then we are more nearly ready to meet Hardy on his own terms and measure out to him the same sympathy which he measures out in abundance to his characters.

The Successful Hardy

Though Hardy won prizes for his architectural skills, he found the drafting board tedious; still it was his living, since his first published works were not well received. In 1870, when he was thirty, Hardy

met Lavina Gifford. They were engaged but did not marry until four years later, since his desire to become a poet, even had it been fulfilled, scarcely could have kept them. Slowly realizing that writing poetry was a luxury he could not afford, Hardy began writing novels. When in 1874 his *Far From the Madding Crowd* sold well, Hardy felt an adequate income was assured and they were married.

Within a period of twenty-four years Hardy published fourteen novels and many short stories, though he still considered himself primarily a poet. He wrote fiction to please a growing audience, not himself. When his *Jude, the Obscure* was harshly criticized in 1896, Hardy ceased writing novels, not so much because his feelings were hurt, but because he had made enough to live on the rest of his life, and because he had said everything in fiction he wanted to say. For the next thirty years and more he wrote poetry to please himself.

His first wife was sometimes difficult, yet at her death Hardy felt a genuine loss. With his second wife he knew greater peace. He had lived for a time in London, but in 1885, the Hardys moved to the countryside of Dorsetshire, where they lived the rest of their lives.

During his final decades Hardy was universally regarded as the grand old man of English letters. Through the years he had won more and more personal friends by the sweetness of his personality, as well as by kindness, deep sincerity, and freedom from hypocrisy and ambition. When he died at the age of eighty-eight, the English public de-

manded he be given the honor of burial in Westminster Abbey, but his dearest friends, knowing that his heart had ever been in the Dorsetshire soil, felt he should be buried there, which was done.

Hardy's Nature

That Hardy is pessimistic is the truth immediately evident in Hardy, but it is not the whole truth. First let us remember that Hardy, both as a man and as an artist, was dominated by great sincerity and great integrity: he believed as he did—he wrote as he did, because he could do no other. How desperately he wished he could believe. Next, only those holding a high concept of man can suffer beneath the pains of mortality as deeply as did Hardy. Basic to his writings is his belief, as he quoted from St. Jerome in his preface of *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*: "If an offense come out of the truth, better is it that the offense come than that the truth be concealed."

He felt compelled to portray all of life as he saw it; he wanted to show how in lives of common, isolated people "dramas of a grandeur and unity truly Sophoclean are enacted in the real, by virtue of the concentrated passions and closely knit interdependence of the lives therein." And by painting this common reality with such tenderness and sympathy for the down-trodden that the reader cannot escape his accurate and vivid words, he defined the universal experience of all men, giving to the lives of average mankind a tragic significance hitherto unknown. Most important, nature in Hardy is not evil; it is indifferent. Men's lives are

controlled both by their own wills and by fate or doom. But though life sometimes seems aimless, our world is by no means the worst possible. While many evils seem to result from fate, others come from man's own failure to remedy his own inhumanity to his fellows. If man will but abandon his "robustious swaggering optimism," which is "cowardly and insincere," says Hardy, he can improve man's lot through his own charity and understanding. In an age which increasingly emphasized the machine over man, and the universe-as-machine versus the individual, Hardy believed that first and last was the human soul, to be balmed through gentleness and love in the face of the suffering and cruelty it seems mortal's lot to bear.

Hardy's Poems

In his novels Hardy creates strong women and universal situations; but it is in his poems that Hardy reveals his more intimate self. Resisting any tendency to ornate imagery or elaborate rhyme schemes, Hardy's poems often depict the English working class as alternately frank, proud, self-belittling, fickle, weak, obstinate, stoical; often they are heavily tinged with Hardy's ironic humor, as in "A Beauty's Soliloquy During Her Honeymoon" (page 919), "The Man He Killed" (page 923), "A Workhouse Irony," and "Satires of Circumstance" (pp. 924-925), and "Ah, Are You Digging on My Grave?" (page 925). While several of the above have this sharp twist which makes us wince, basically Hardy is lamenting the loneliness and suffering which all of us know in some degree.

Some of his poems have a sense of oneness with nature, a delicacy and lightness which we find in Shakespeare and Robert Frost.

The very lilt and word texture of Shakespeare are strong in the poem "Weather" (not in the textbook), which begins:

This is the weather the cuckoo likes,
And so do I

A fairly representative mid-note, not gay, is struck in "The Darkling Thrush," despite "Winter's dregs" and the "Century's corpse" (See text, page 920, lines 21-32).

In this poem, as in "The Oxen," lies the essential Hardy: lost, pained, aware "that life has bared its bones to me," yet "willing to give ten years of my life to see a ghost," he was eager to believe that life must be better than he had found it. The enduring, the classic Hardy is also best seen in his simple, moving "In Time of 'The Breaking of Nations'" (page 926), his reassuring affirmation written during the first world war in protest to the ravages of war within the human soul.

Hardy, the Novelist

For Virginia Woolf, Thomas Hardy is "one of the greatest writers of tragedy in fiction." His best novels create within themselves great poetic and dramatic power. Hardy is a master storyteller who, with a realist's eye, compassion, and an insight deep into humanity, in his best works, often told far better than he knew.

The Return of the Native

This novel, great as it is, might

not be Hardy's greatest; but certainly it is his most representative. Within its pages we find humor, superstition, realism, romance, nature, conflict, suffering, tragedy. It illustrates Hardy's fundamental belief that "a novel is an impression, not an argument." Herein he argues nothing: instead he tells a great story with magnificent power as seen through the eyes of an observer, kindred but detached.

Plot

Lovely, innocent Thomasin Yeobright lies concealed in the van of her former sweetheart Diggory Venn, the reddleman (or red ocher peddler), as she returns from the town where she could not marry Damon Wildeve because the license was faulty. Wildeve had been infatuated with fiery Eustacia Vye, and wasn't too fervent in his desire to marry Thomasin. That same night Eustacia by building a huge bonfire signals Wildeve at his Quiet Woman Inn to come to her. Despite his vow to give her up, he goes to meet Eustacia, but each is unhappy. A boy reports their meeting to Diggory, who pleads with Eustacia to leave Wildeve for Diggory's beloved Thomasin, that she might be happy.

When Thomasin's cousin, Clym Yeobright ("the native"), returns to the heath from his life as a diamond merchant in Paris, Eustacia goes disguised to the welcoming party. They fall in love, and Eustacia marries him partly because through him she hopes to escape the dull life on the heath. But Clym becomes nearly blind. When he becomes a menial brush-cutter, Eustacia feels degraded. Partly in resentment she begins seeing Wildeve again. Clym's mother from the beginning of the affair had distrusted Eustacia and opposed the marriage. Relenting, she called at their home, but because Wildeve was there, Eustacia dared not answer her knock. Deeply hurt and exhausted, Mrs. Yeobright begins her return over the hot, barren heath, but is bitten by a snake and dies. When Clym finds how she died, he orders Eustacia out of his house. She returns to her grand-

father's house in despair and attempts suicide. Wildeve, now rich through an inheritance, pleads with her to clope with him. The night she leaves to meet him, Clym delivers to her room a letter of reconciliation which she fails to see. Wandering about on the dark heath either she falls or jumps into a pond. Wildeve hears her death-struggle and attempts to rescue her, but both drown.

Here the original novel ended, but when his public objected to so gloomy an ending Hardy added a happier one. Clym gives up his attempt to lift up the heath-folk by teaching them and becomes a traveling teacher, and the unselfish and patient Diggory finally wins Thomasin.

Excerpts, Characters, Conflicts

The great force in the novel is Eustacia, in conflict with the timeless Egdon Heath which has been her only home. In Book First, Hardy at once displays his powers by defining its majestic, brooding splendor. The beginning "The heath wore the appearance of an installment of night . . ." from chapter I, is a good example.

Chapter III contains tangy talk and humor of the heath-folk and reveals Hardy's delight in pixies, ghosts, and racy talk. Chapter VII describes Eustacia, "Queen of Night . . . raw material of a divinity," "Assuming that the souls of men and women were visible essences, you could fancy the colour of Eustacia's soul to be flame-like. The sparks from it that rose into her dark pupils gave the same impression."

In Book Second, chapter VII, Diggory brings to Wildeve, Eustacia's letter ending their relation, to Diggory's delight. For humor, irony, and reversal, read the dialogue in which Diggory replies "Ru-um-tum-tum" to Wildeve's

pained questions, only to have the tables completely turned a minute later.

In Book Third, chapter II, Clym's great love for humankind is defined. For him the heath gives "a barbarous satisfaction at observing that, in some of the attempts at reclamation from the waste, tillage, after holding on for year or two, had receded again in despair, the ferns and furze-tufts stubbornly reasserting themselves." He was the heath, and completely at home there.

One of the most powerful scenes is in chapter VIII, when Diggory wins back from Wildeve all the money he had won by gambling from innocent Christian. When a death's-head moth snuffs out the candle, and feverish Wildeve resumes throwing the dice in a desperate effort to regain his losses—when a drove of wild ponies move out of the gloom, attracted by the light—then we have Hardy at his realistic best.

For power of dialogue, read in Book Fourth the first chapter, when Eustacia and Mrs. Yeobright, her mother-in-law, flare up over a misunderstanding. Here are two strong wills that neither bend nor break each other. Chapter V records Mrs. Yeobright's journey across the heath, and the painful conversation she tries to carry on with young Johnny Nunsuch after her son's door was not opened to her. The innocent bewilderment of the child, and the scarcely concealed heartbreak of the rebuffed mother are highlighted in a scene of great pathos and power, before she is bitten fatally by the snake.

Book Fifth begins with Clym's lamenting to Eustacia that his mother had never called on them, while she has not yet told him that Mrs. Yeobright had come to their home and she had refused to answer the door. Here the irony is indeed painful. Then comes Clym's blind fury when he mistakenly feels that Eustacia was his mother's murderer. The climax of the novel is in chapter III when they confront each other. Clym accuses Eustacia, and while she knows, in part, she is guilty, her spirit is never broken. In chapter VII she wanders in confusion into the chaotic night. In chapter IX Wildeve and Clym hear her fall into the weir; both she and Wildeve are drowned. (Read what Clym says to Diggory as he looks at their bodies.)

Book Sixth contains the tacked-on happy ending, in which Thomasin marries Diggory.

In this novel, then, are blended into one unified whole the scene, character, dialogue, theme, which embody Hardy's central conviction: Oh, would that man could be happy here below. But, as we witness the suffering, which is man's by his very nature, let us sympathize with our fellows, and stand in awe of the existence which seems to shape us to its own indifferent ends.

Thoughts for Discussion

1. What qualities must a writer possess to write great poetry and great fiction?
2. What factors in Hardy's life are reflected in his writings?
3. Discuss Hardy's attitude toward nature (1) in his poetry; (2) in *The Return of the Native*.
4. What effect might an understanding of the gospel have had on Hardy's life?

Social Science—The Constitution of the United States

Lesson 20—The Constitution and World Affairs

Elder Albert R. Bowen

For Tuesday, April 24, 1956

Objective: To show how the United States evolved and developed from weakness to strength under a policy inaugurated by Washington, and to consider our country in relation to world affairs since World War I.

Transition of the Nation From Weakness to Strength

DURING the first century and a quarter of her constitutional history, the United States developed from a position of perilous weakness to become the mightiest Nation the world has ever seen. This transition from weakness to strength is one of the greatest political miracles of the modern world.

It is not to be supposed that the position of the United States among the nations is the result of fortuitous accident. It has come about because of wise and statesmanlike leadership aided by Divine Providence.

It often happens, not only in the affairs of men but likewise of nations, that the beginnings are of crucial importance. In order to gain a better understanding of our national beginnings it should be useful to review the circumstances of our national birth. America did not arrive upon the world scene a strong and robust infant. The contrary was the fact. In all categories by which greatness in nations is measured, except one, we were terribly weak and vulnerable. Our population was small, about four million,

by 1789. We possessed no great cities nor centers of population and industry. The Nation was virtually without money or credit. We had no armed strength which deserved mention measured in terms of world power. Such population as we possessed was widely scattered with difficulties of travel and communication between each widely separated section almost insurmountable.

It is difficult to imagine in what way foreign invasion could have been successfully defended against in those early years, if undertaken by a strong, well-armed, and determined power. Threats of such attacks were very narrowly averted on many occasions.

Wisdom of Early Leaders

In one quality, however, the United States possessed an abundant superiority. That superiority was founded in the wisdom of her great early leaders, headed by Washington. Beginning with Washington, the United States launched upon her world journey, carefully steering a course the results of which bear eloquent testimony to the greatness of her leadership. It should not be

deemed out of place to suggest at this point that we have not always followed as wisely as we were led. It should likewise not be considered out of place to suggest that the perils of our day are as great as those of Washington's day, and require as enlightened a leadership as in any period of our history.

Constitutional History, 1789-1800

The constitutional history of the United States, in relation to world events, may be divided into three phases or periods. The first of these periods was from about 1789 to 1800. This period might be characterized as the period during which the United States was struggling to escape from the toils of European entanglements.

Principle of Neutrality

It will be remembered that during the perilous days of the Revolution we entered into an alliance with France. This was implemented by two treaties. One a treaty of friendship; and, two, an alliance which required each party to come to the aid of the other in case of attack. When France, under Napoleon, became involved with the rest of Europe in a series of wars, she remembered the American treaty, and demanded that the United States should enter those wars as her ally in return for the help she had rendered during the Revolution. In 1793, Washington and his Cabinet, after very carefully weighing the provisions of the treaty, concluded that its terms did not require the United States to enter this war on the side of France. It was firmly decided that the United States would remain neutral.

There followed a period of several years during which the American Nation had to suffer great indignity at the hands of both Britain and France in asserting and attempting to uphold the principle of neutrality and free trade. American shipping, property, and citizens were seized with contemptuous impunity, and many American sailors were impressed to fight in British warships against the French.

In spite of the insults and the great injuries suffered, the United States steadfastly refused to recede from its position of neutrality and continued to protest and assert its citizens' right to free access to the markets of the world as non-belligerent and peaceful traders. This policy was maintained despite the demands of many Americans who were sympathetic to the French cause and who would have fought with France against England.

In his Farewell Address, Washington laid down the principles of American foreign policy which were adhered to by succeeding administrations from that time until World War I. His philosophy of neutrality is expressed in this language:

In the execution of such a plan [neutrality] nothing is more essential than that permanent, inveterate antipathies against particular nations and passionate attachments for others should be excluded; and that, in place of them, just the amiable feelings towards all should be cultivated. . . . The nation which indulges towards another an habitual hatred or an habitual fondness is in some degree a slave. It is a slave to its animosity or to its affection, either of which is sufficient to lead it astray from its duty and its interest.

It should not be supposed that this American policy laid down by Washington emerged spontaneous-

ly. It was the result of experience coupled with great wisdom and foresight on the part of the Nation's leaders who announced it. It is an historical fact that the colonies of England in the New World had been drawn into every European quarrel which England entered before the Revolution, beginning with King William's War, in 1689, and ending with the French and Indian War in 1763 in which Washington himself had fought. In all of those struggles the colonies suffered serious loss in life and property and had received no compensating gain of any kind. At the end of each of those wars the peace was made in Europe without consulting Americans, and the situation, so far as it concerned Americans, was returned to the same position as before the struggle was commenced. These wars were primarily dynastic quarrels involving Britain, France, Spain, and Austria. Our forefathers learned by bitter experience that it was a costly and profitless adventure to fight in the quarrels of Europe. Thus equipped with the lessons of the past, Washington and those who followed him, determined that the strength and vitality of the new Nation should not be dissipated by taking sides in foreign wars.

In his Farewell Address, Washington made the shrewd and statesmanlike prediction that if America adhered strictly to her own concerns and followed a policy of friendship toward all nations, that day would come when America would be strong and independent, capable of following an independent course of action.

He said:

If we remain one people, under an efficient government, the period is not far off, when we may defy material injury from external annoyance; when we may take such an attitude as will cause the neutrality we may at any time resolve upon to be scrupulously respected. When belligerent nations, under the impossibility of making acquisitions upon us, will not lightly hazard the giving us provocation when we may choose peace or war, as our interest, guided by our justice, shall counsel

The wisdom, the foresight, and the sagacity of Washington and his successors have been so abundantly proved by events, as to leave no room for doubt or disagreement.

Constitutional History, 1800-1917

During the Nineteenth Century, the predictions of Washington became a reality. The Monroe Doctrine was announced in 1823, which excluded the European nations from further acquisitions of territory in the New World. In the meantime, the borders of the United States were widened until they encompassed all territory between the Atlantic and the Pacific. The American policy of neutrality was strengthened, the doctrine of Freedom of the Seas was developed and successfully asserted. America was not involved in a single non-American war until World War I.

Constitutional History, 1917—

With World War I we began the third phase of American world affairs. We have completely, or nearly so, reversed our traditional world policy until now our commitments and responsibilities have become world-wide. We are furthermore committed to a whole series of alliances and treaties which bind us to the fate of other nations, and

which have destroyed the freedom of action which we enjoyed during the great development of our country into a mighty world power. The question we must now ask ourselves is, where is this new American world policy leading us?

Under the Constitution the conduct of our foreign affairs is divided between the President of the United States and Congress. To the President is given the command of our armed forces, and upon him is placed the responsibility of defending and protecting the Nation from external attack. To Congress, however, is committed the power to declare war.

Emergency Powers of the President

Congress has conferred upon the President many powers that the Executive may use only in time of "emergency." There has been, and continues to be, great controversy over these powers, but it is generally agreed that the President decides what shall be regarded as an "emergency." However, it is clear that the President uses these powers mainly in times of foreign danger or periods of economic depression.

President J. Reuben Clark, Jr. in his address (November 21, 1952) entitled "Let Us Not Sell Our Children Into Slavery," warns the Nation against the augmentation of the President's war powers, beyond the provisions of the Constitution. He reminds us that the war powers prescribed by the Constitution are all in Congress, except, of course, that the President is Commander in Chief of the Armed Forces.

. . . But when that body [Congress]

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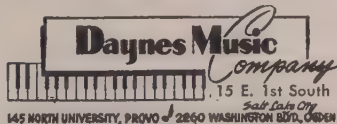
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passes laws to implement these powers, then the execution of these laws becomes the duty and responsibility of the Chief Executive, and the powers granted by such laws, and only those so granted, constitute the war powers of the President as Chief Executive. But none of such powers are inherent in the office of the Chief Executive

But as our laws show, such Chief Executive powers (conferred upon him by Congress in time of war) may be of the widest scope, including provisions derogatory and even largely destructive of the ordinary peace-time civil rights of individuals.

However, to repeat, this authority and these powers are to be measured exclusively by the express statutory enactments of the Congress . . . as specifically authorized by Constitutional provision. They are not to be considered as growing out of, or in any necessary way, concerned with, related to, or enlarged by his powers as Commander in Chief

It is wholly governed by Constitutional provision and limitation. Thus far shalt thou go and no farther is inherent in the whole situation (Clark: J. Reuben, Jr., "Let Us Not Sell Our Children Into Slavery").

Treaty Making Power

The treaty-making power under the Constitution is likewise divided. It is the duty and prerogative of the Presidential Office to negotiate treaties, to appoint all ambassadors, consular officers, and representatives, and to conduct our foreign affairs. All treaties and diplomatic appointments are subject to Senate ratification. It is interesting to see how this constitutional authority, divided as it is, has worked out in actual practice.

Commitment of Armed Forces Previous to Declaration of War

As far as the wars in which

America has been involved are concerned, declaration of war in every case, except one, has followed the commitment of our armed forces to action by the President. The sole exception was the war of 1812. American armed forces have been sent abroad into action over one hundred times in engagements too limited in scope to be defined as war. Our recent experience in the Korean War is a case in point. United States troops were ordered into action with no previous consultation of Congress whatsoever. In the case of World War II, aggressive, war-like action was undertaken upon presidential order far in advance of war declaration.

Intention of Founding Fathers

It was not intended by the Founding Fathers that the presidential authority should extend to making war without the action of Congress to approve it. On the other hand, it was also not intended that the hands of the President should be helplessly tied in the event world crises made it imperative, in the face of national peril, to use the Nation's armed forces to repel attack or to prevent a threatened attack from becoming successful.

In this sphere of constitutional function it was impossible to draw the lines sharply and with absolute certainty. Under these conditions the personality of the President is of unique and very special importance. Our history has proved that the United States can be committed to war by the President. Once we are so committed it is very difficult if not impossible to withdraw.

In the case of Korea, perhaps, it

may be said that the President acted to meet a situation requiring instant decision. Without debating the merits of the Korean War or of any other war in which the United States has been engaged in the past, one thing at least stands out with crystal clarity—may heaven preserve us from the misfortune of an irresponsible, ambitious President who could, without our consent, involve us in foreign adventures which could result in our destruction!

It must be remembered that the conditions of this modern world are so critical and so pressing that strong, decisive, speedy action is often necessary. The President alone can provide this kind of action. Consequently many are willing to give very far-reaching powers to the President. Others fear our republican form of Government cannot be maintained if further, stronger powers are placed in the hands of one Executive. Thoughtful citizens therefore fear future misuse of such near-absolute power and must know constitutional provisions for separation of powers, checks and balances, in order to vote intelligently for men who will act to keep the word and spirit of the Constitution.

Questions on the Lesson

1. What was Washington's foreign policy?
2. Why did he adopt such a policy?
3. What are the three phases of the Constitutional history of the United States in relation to world affairs?
4. What had been this country's experience in foreign relations before the Constitution?
5. What does the term "Freedom of the Seas" mean?
6. What is the Monroe Doctrine?

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7. How does presidential action under the Constitution affect war or peace in America? What is the function of the President in time of danger? What is the function of Congress at such times?

8. In the history of the United States has war followed a declaration by Congress or preceded it?

9. Why is the personality of the President important to the question of war or peace?

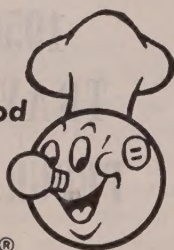
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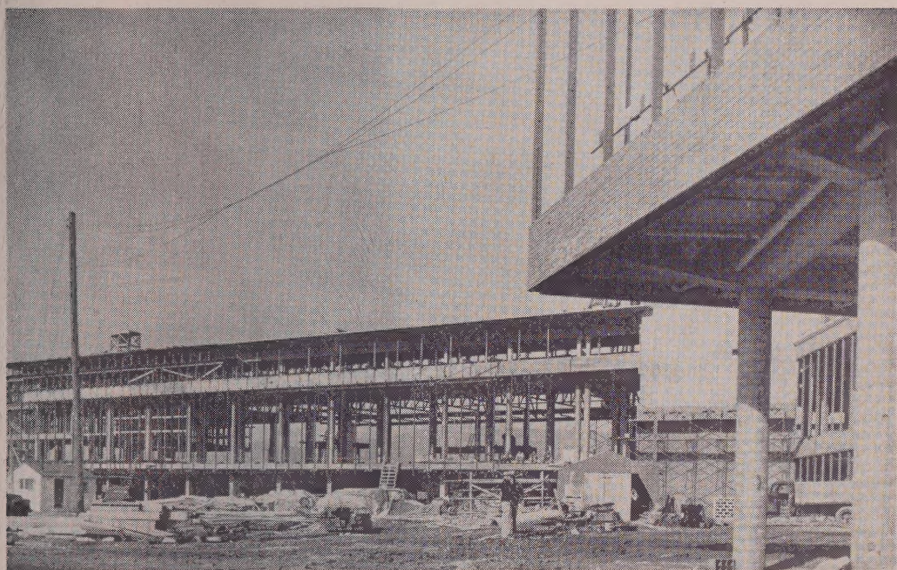
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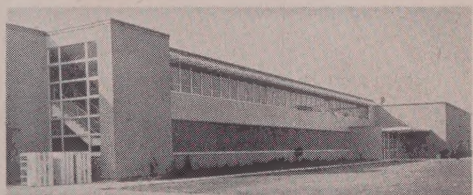
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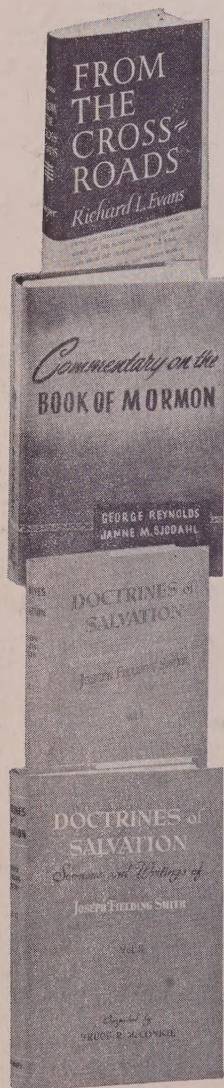


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